

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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WORDSWORTH.

I REMEMBER hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honour to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him say, that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognise him, and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public, Byron effaced him.

The death of Byron seemed, however, to make an opening for Wordsworth. Scott, who had for some time ceased to produce poetry himself, and stood before the public as a great novelist; Scott, too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely, and praised him generously.

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The influence of Coleridge upon young men of ability was then powerful, and was still gathering strength; this influence told entirely in favour of Wordsworth's poetry. Cambridge was a place where Coleridge's influence had great action, and where Wordsworth's poetry, therefore, flourished especially. But even amongst the general public its sale grew large, the eminence of its author was widely recognised, and Rydal Mount became an object of pilgrimage. I remember Wordsworth relating how one of the pilgrims, a clergyman, asked him if he had ever written anything besides the *Guide to the Lakes*. Yes, he answered modestly, he had written verses. Not every pilgrim was a reader, but the vogue was established, and the stream of pilgrims came.

Mr. Tennyson's decisive appearance dates from 1842. One cannot say that he effaced Wordsworth as Scott and Byron had effaced him. The poetry of Wordsworth had been so long before the public, the suffrage of good judges was so steady and so strong in its favour, that by 1842 the verdict of posterity, one may almost say, had been already pronounced, and Wordsworth's English fame was secure. But the vogue, the ear and applause of the great body of poetry-readers, never quite thoroughly perhaps his, he gradually lost more and more, and Mr. Tennyson gained them. Mr. Tennyson drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public and the new

generations. Even in 1852, when Wordsworth died, this diminution of popularity was visible, and occasioned the remark of Lord Macaulay which I quoted at starting.

The diminution has continued. The influence of Coleridge has waned; Wordsworth's poetry can no longer draw succour from this ally. The poetry has not, however, wanted eulogists; and it may be said to have brought its eulogists luck, for almost every one who has praised Wordsworth's poetry has praised it well. But the public has remained cold, or, at least, undetermined. The abundance of Mr. Palgrave's fine and skillfully-chosen specimens of Wordsworth, in the *Golden Treasury*, surprised many readers, and even gave offence to some. To tenth-rate critics and compilers, for whom any violent shock to the public taste would be a temerity not to be risked, it is still quite permissible to speak of Wordsworth's poetry, not only with ignorance, but with impertinence. On the Continent he is almost unknown.

I cannot think, then, that Wordsworth has up to this time at all obtained his deserts. "Glory," said M. Renan the other day, "glory after all is the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." And when M. Renan presents himself to the French Academy,—the only authentic dispensers, he says, of glory, of "this grand light"—he presents himself supported by M. Victor Hugo, his "dear and illustrious master," a poet irradiated with it; a poet "whose genius has throughout our century struck the hour for us, has given body to every one of our dreams, wings to every one of our thoughts." Yet probably not twenty people in that magnificent assemblage, all coruscating with the beams of the "grand light," had ever even heard of Wordsworth's name.

Wordsworth was a homely man, and would certainly never have thought of talking of glory as that which, after all, has the best chance of not being

altogether vanity. And it is quite impossible for us to esteem recognition by the French Academy, or by the French nation, or by any single institution or nation, as so decisive a title to glory as M. Renan supposes it. Yet we may well allow to him, after these reserves, that few things are less vain than *real* glory. Let us conceive of the whole group of civilised nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working towards a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another. This was the ideal of Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more. Then to be recognised by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as seriously and eminently worthy, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory; a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more beneficent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national and provincial partiality, putting a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honour and acceptance. A nation, again, is furthered by recognition of its real gifts and successes; it is encouraged to develop them further. And here is an honest verdict, telling us which of our supposed successes are really, in the judgment of the great impartial world, and not in our own private judgment only, successes, and which are not.

It is so easy to feel pride and satisfaction in one's own things, so hard to make sure that one is right in feeling it! We have a great empire. But so had Nebuchadnezzar. We extol the "unrivalled happiness" of our national civilisation. But then comes a candid friend, and remarks that our upper class is materialised, our middle class

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vulgarised, and our lower class brutalised. We are proud of our painting, our music. But we find that in the judgment of other people our painting is questionable, and our music non-existent. We are proud of our men of science. And here it turns out that the world is with us ; we find that in the judgment of other people, too, Newton among the dead, and Mr. Darwin among the living, hold as high a place as they hold in our national opinion.

Finally, we are proud of our poets and poetry. Now poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth. It is no small thing, therefore, to succeed eminently in poetry. And so much is required for duly estimating success here, that about poetry it is perhaps hardest to arrive at a sure general verdict, and takes longest. Meanwhile, our own conviction of the superiority of our national poets is not decisive, is almost certain to be mingled, as we see constantly in English eulogy of Shakspeare, with much of provincial infatuation. And we know what was the opinion current amongst our neighbours the French, people of taste, acuteness, and quick literary tact, not a hundred years ago, about our great poets. The old *Biographie Universelle* notices the pretension of the English to a place for their poets among the chief poets of the world, and says that this is a pretension which to no one but an Englishman can ever seem admissible. And the scornful, disparaging things said by foreigners about Shakspeare and Milton, and about our national over-estimate of them, have been often quoted, and will be in every one's remembrance.

A great change has taken place, and Shakspeare is now generally recognised, even in France, as one of the greatest of poets. Yes, some anti-Gallican cynic will say, the French rank him with Corneille and Victor Hugo ! But let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakspeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in

the *Correspondant*, a French review which not a dozen English people, I suppose, look at. The writer is praising Shakspeare's prose. With Shakspeare, he says, "prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic." And he goes on : "Shakspeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought. Along with his dazzling prose, Shakspeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse, which has ever sounded upon the human ear since the verse of the Greeks." M. Henry Cochin, the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it ; it would not be easy to praise Shakspeare, in one short sentence, more felicitously. And when a foreigner and a Frenchman writes thus of Shakspeare, and when Goethe says of Milton, in whom there was so much to repel Goethe rather than to attract him, that "nothing has been ever done so entirely in the sense of the Greeks as *Samson Agonistes*," and that "Milton is in very truth a poet whom we must treat with all respect," then we understand what constitutes a European recognition of poets and poetry as contradistinguished from a merely national recognition, and that in favour both of Milton and of Shakspeare the judgment of the high court of appeal has finally gone.

Or, again, judgment may go the other way. Byron has had an immense reputation, not in England only, but on the Continent. M. Taine, in his history of English literature, takes Byron as seriously as he takes Shakspeare. Byron is the supreme and incomparable expression of the English genius after eight centuries of preparation ; he is the one single contemporary author who has *atteint à la cime*, "reached the summit ;" *Manfred* is the twin brother of *Faust*. But then M. Scherer strikes in with his words of truth and soberness. Remarking that "Byron is one of our French superstitions," he points out how Byron's talent is oratorical rather

than poetical ; he points out how to high and serious art, art impersonal and disinterested, Byron never could rise ; and how the man in Byron, finally, is even less sincere than the poet. And by this we may perceive that we have not in Byron what we have in Milton and Shakspeare—a poetical reputation which time and the authentic judgment of mankind will certainly accept and consecrate.

So excellent a writer and critic as M. Renan sees in M. Victor Hugo a "beloved and illustrious master, whose voice has throughout our century struck the hour for us." Of these "striking of the hour" by the voice of M. Victor Hugo, none certainly was more resonant, none was hailed with more passionate applause by his friends, than *Hernani*. It is called for again, made to strike over again ; we have the privilege of hearing it strike in London. And still there is no lack of applause to this work of a talent "combining," says Théophile Gautier, "the qualities of Corneille and of Shakspeare." But I open by chance a little volume, the conversations of Goethe with the Chancellor von Müller. There I come upon this short sentence : "Goethe said, '*Hernani*' was an absurd composition." *Hernani sei eine absurde Composition*. So speaks this great foreign witness ; a German, certainly, but a German favourable to French literature, and to France, "to which," said he, "I owe so much of my culture!" So speaks Goethe, the critic who, above all others, may count as European, and whose judgment on the value of a work of modern poetry is the judgment which will, we may be almost sure, at last prevail generally.

I come back to M. Renan's praise of glory, from which I started. Yes, real glory is a most serious thing, glory authenticated by the Amphictyonic Court of final appeal, definitive glory. And even for poets and poetry, long and difficult as may be the process of arriving at the right award, the right award comes at last, the definitive glory rests where it is deserved.

Every establishment of such a real glory is good and wholesome for mankind at large, good and wholesome for the nation which produced the poet crowned with it. To the poet himself it can seldom do harm ; for he, poor man, is in his grave, probably, long before his glory crowns him.

Wordsworth has been in his grave for some thirty years, and certainly his lovers and admirers cannot flatter themselves that this great and steady light of glory as yet shines over him. He is not fully recognised at home ; he is not recognised at all abroad. Yet I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakspeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognises the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Chaucer is anterior ; and on other grounds, too, he cannot well be brought into the comparison. But taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakspeare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downwards, and going through it—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead)—I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all. Several of the poets named have gifts and excellences which Wordsworth has not. But taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, to that which any one of the others has left.

But this is not enough to say. I think it certain, further, that if we take the chief poetical names of the Continent since the death of Molière, and omitting Goethe, confront the remaining names with that of Wordsworth, the result is the same. Let us take Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine for Germany; Filicaja, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi

for Italy ; Beranger, Hugo (though that also permits) Severa, gifts a worth in real to me here again him a wears, whole of the than Words is on the freshness. This Words dam, the po last t Shaks indeed in tim due place, Milton shall cognis those do we whether Word which nition obsta moveable. The poems mean best v many are of seven are in inferior that

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for Italy; Voltaire, André Chérier, Béranger, Lamartine, Musset, M. Victor Hugo (he has been so long celebrated that although he still lives I may be permitted to name him), for France. Several of these, again, have evidently gifts and excellences to which Wordsworth can make no pretension. But in real poetical achievement it seems to me indubitable that to Wordsworth, here again, belongs the palm. It seems to me that Wordsworth has left behind him a body of poetical work which wears, and will wear, better on the whole than the performance of any one of these personages, so far more brilliant and celebrated, most of them, than the homely poet of Rydal. Wordsworth's performance in poetry is on the whole, in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, superior to theirs.

This is a high claim to make for Wordsworth. But if it is a just claim, if Wordsworth's place, among the poets who have appeared in the last two or three centuries, is after Shakespeare, Molire, Milton, Goethe, indeed, but before all the rest, then in time Wordsworth will have his due. We shall recognise him in his place, as we recognise Shakespeare and Milton; and not only we ourselves shall recognise him, but he will be recognised by Europe also. Meanwhile, those who recognise him already may do well, perhaps, to ask themselves whether there are not in the case of Wordsworth certain special obstacles which hinder or delay his due recognition by others, and whether these obstacles are not in some measure removable.

The *Excursion* and the *Prelude*, his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many indeed are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. But in his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them; so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both.

Shakspeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter! But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. Now a drama or an epic fill the mind, and one does not look beyond them; but in a collection of short pieces the impression made by one piece requires to be continued and sustained by the piece following. In reading Wordsworth, the impression made by one of his fine pieces is constantly dulled and spoiled by a very inferior piece coming after it.

Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is not much of an exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains, work done before and after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognised far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for the few only, a poet valued far below his real worth by the world.

There is another thing. Wordsworth classified his poems not according to any commonly received plan of arrangement, but according to a scheme of mental physiology. He has poems of the fancy, poems of the imagination, poems of sentiment and reflexion, and so on. His categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the

result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory. Poems are separated one from another which possess a kinship of subject or of treatment far more vital and deep than the supposed unity of mental origin which was Wordsworth's reason for joining them with others.

The tact of the Greeks in matters of this kind was infallible. We may rely upon it that we shall not improve upon the classification adopted by the Greeks for kinds of poetry; that their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, have a natural propriety, and should be adhered to. It may sometimes seem doubtful to which of two categories a poem belongs; whether this or that poem is to be called, for instance, narrative or lyric, lyric or elegiac. But there is to be found in every good poem a strain, a predominant note, which determines the poem as belonging to one of these kinds rather than the other; and here is the best proof of the value of the classification, and of the advantage of adhering to it. Wordsworth's poems will never produce their due effect until they are freed from their present artificial arrangement, and grouped more naturally.

Naturally grouped, and disengaged, moreover, from the quantity of inferior work which now obscures them, the best poems of Wordsworth, I hear many people say, would indeed stand out in great beauty, but they would prove to be very few in number, scarcely more than half a dozen. I maintain, on the other hand, that what strikes me with admiration, what establishes, in my opinion, Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains of him, after all his inferior work has been cleared away. He gives us so much to rest upon, so much which communicates his spirit and engages ours!

This is of very great importance. If it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth

would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine. It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority. His good work, his work which counts, is not all of it; of course, of equal value. Some kinds of poetry are in themselves lower kinds than others. The ballad kind is a lower kind; the didactic kind, still more, is a lower kind. Poetry of this latter sort counts, too, sometimes, by its biographical interest partly, not by its poetical interest pure and simple; but then this can only be when the poet producing it has the power and importance of Wordsworth, a power and importance which he assuredly did not establish by such didactic poetry alone. Altogether, it is, I say, by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains to him, after every reduction and deduction has been made, that Wordsworth's superiority is proved.

To exhibit this body of Wordsworth's best work, to clear away obstructions from around it, and to let it speak for itself, is what every lover of Wordsworth should desire. Until this has been done, Wordsworth, whom we, to whom he is dear, all of us know and feel to be so great a poet, has not had a fair chance before the world. When once it has been done, he will make his way best not by our advocacy of him, but by his own worth and power. We may safely leave him to make his way thus, we who believe that superior worth and power in poetry finds in mankind a sense responsive to it and disposed at last to recognise it. Yet at the outset, before he has been duly known and recognised, we may do Wordsworth a service, perhaps, by indicating in what his superior power and worth will be found to consist, and in what they will not.

Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from

his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas

"On man, on nature, and on human life," which he has acquired for himself. The line quoted is Wordsworth's own; and his superiority arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful application to his subject, of ideas "on man, on nature, and on human life."

Voltaire, with his signal acuteness, most truly remarked that "no nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation." And he adds: "There, it seems to me, is the great merit of the English poets." Voltaire does not mean, by "treating in poetry moral ideas," the composing moral and didactic poems—that brings us but a very little way in poetry. He means just the same thing as was meant when I spoke above of "the noble and profound application of ideas to life;" and he means the application of these ideas under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth. If it is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation, I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main a part of human life. The question, *how to live*, is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied. A large sense is of course to be given to the term *moral*. Whatever bears upon the question, "how to live," comes under it.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven."

In those fine lines, Milton utters, as every one at once perceives, a moral idea. Yes, but so too, when Keats consoles the forward-bending lover on

the Grecian Urn, the lover arrested and presented in immortal relief by the sculptor's hand before he can kiss, with the line,

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair"—he utters a moral idea. When Shakespeare says that, "we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," he utters a moral idea.

Voltaire was right in thinking that the energetic and profound treatment of moral ideas, in this large sense, is what distinguishes the English poetry. He sincerely meant praise, not dispraise or hint of limitation; and they err who suppose that poetic limitation is a necessary consequence of the fact, the fact being granted as Voltaire states it. If what distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life, which surely no good critic will deny, then to prefix to the word ideas here the term moral makes hardly any difference, because human life itself is in so preponderating a degree moral.

It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question, How to live. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion, they are bound up with systems of thought and belief which have had their day, they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers, they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Kheyam's words: "Let us make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them, in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our

delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference towards moral ideas is a poetry of indifference towards *life*.

Epictetus had a happy figure for things like the play of the senses, or literary form and finish, or argumentative ingenuity, in comparison with "the best and master thing" for us, as he called it, the concern how to live. Some people were afraid of them, he said, or they disliked and undervalued them. Such people were wrong; they were unthankful or cowardly. But the things might also be over-prized, and treated as final when they are not. They bear to life the relation which inns bear to home. "As if a man, journeying home, and finding a nice inn on the road, and liking it, were to stay for ever at the inn! Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not to this, but through this. 'But this inn is taking.' And how many other inns, too, are taking, and how many fields and meadows! but as places of passage merely. You have an object, which is this: to get home, to do your duty to your family, friends, and fellow-countrymen, to attain inward freedom, serenity, happiness, contentment. Style takes your fancy, arguing takes your fancy, and you forget your home and want to make your abode with them and to stay with them, on the plea that they are taking. Who denies that they are taking? but as places of passage, as inns. And when I say this, you suppose me to be attacking the care for style, the care for argument. I am not; I attack the resting in them, the not looking to the end which is beyond them."

Now, when we come across a poet like Théophile Gautier, we have a poet who has taken up his abode at an inn, and never got further. There may be inducements to this or that one of us, at this or that moment, to

find delight in him, to cleave to him; but, after all, we do not change the truth about him—we only stay ourselves in his inn along with him. And when we come across a poet like Wordsworth, who sings—

" Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonality spread,"

then we have a poet intent on "the best and master thing," and who prosecutes his journey home. We say, for brevity's sake, that he deals with *life*, because he deals with that in which life really consists. This is what Voltaire means to praise in the English poets—this dealing with what is really life. But always it is the mark of the greatest poets that they deal with it; and to say that the English poets are remarkable for dealing with it, is only another way of saying, what is true, that in poetry the English genius has especially shown its power.

Wordsworth deals with it, and his greatness lies in his dealing with it so powerfully. I have named a number of celebrated poets above all of whom he, in my opinion, deserves to be placed. He is to be placed above poets like Voltaire, Dryden, Pope, Lessing, Schiller, because these famous personages, with a thousand gifts and merits, never, or scarcely ever, attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine poets—

" Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti,"

at all. Burns, Keats, Heine, not to speak of others in our list, have this accent—who can doubt it? And at the same time they have treasures of humour, felicity, passion, for which in Wordsworth we shall look in vain. Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? It is here: he deals with more of *life* than they do; he deals

with life, as a whole, more powerfully.

No Wordsworthian will doubt this. Nay, the fervent Wordsworthian will add, as Mr. Leslie Stephen does, that Wordsworth's poetry is precious because his philosophy is sound; that his "ethical system is as distinctive and capable of exposition as Bishop Butler's;" that his poetry is informed by ideas which "fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought." But we must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress upon what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy the illusion. Perhaps we shall one day learn to make this proposition more general, and to say: Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion. But in Wordsworth's case, at any rate, we cannot do him justice until we dismiss his philosophy.

The *Excursion* abounds with philosophy, and therefore the *Excursion* is to the Wordsworthian what it never can be to the disinterested lover of poetry—a satisfactory work. "Duty exists," says Wordsworth, in the *Excursion*; and then he proceeds thus:—

"immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the
forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
Whose kingdom is, where time and space
are not."

And the Wordsworthian is delighted, and thinks that here is a sweet union of philosophy and poetry. But the disinterested lover of poetry will feel that the lines carry us really not a step further than the proposition which they would interpret; that they are a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry.

Or let us come direct to the centre of the philosophy, as "an ethical

system as distinctive and capable of systematical exposition as Bishop Butler's":—

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, how'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

That is doctrine such as we hear in church, too, religious and philosophic doctrine; and the Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, and brings them forward in proof of his poet's excellence. But however true the doctrine may be, it has, as here presented, none of the characters of *poetic* truth, the kind of truth which we require from a poet, and in which Wordsworth is really strong.

Even the "intimations" of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth—the idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds—this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterwards, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the alleged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race:—"It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote; but from all that we can really investigate,

I should say that they were no very great things."

Finally the "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth gives us at last such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts:—

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizes knowledge as her noblest wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and obey ;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth."

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairian lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth; and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wandered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe!

"But turn we," as Wordsworth says, "from these bold, bad men," the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it. The cause of its greatness is simple and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

The source of joy from which he thus draws is the truest and most unfailing source of joy accessible to man. It is also accessible universally. Wordsworth brings us word, therefore, according to his own strong and characteristic line, he brings us word

"Of joy in widest commonality spread."

Here is an immense advantage for a poet. Wordsworth tells of what all seek, and tells of it at its truest and best source, and yet a source where all may go and draw for it.

Nevertheless we are not to suppose that everything is precious which Wordsworth, standing even at this perennial and beautiful source, may give us. Wordsworthians are apt to talk as if it must be. They will speak with the same reverence of *The Sailor's Mother*, for example, as of *Lucy Gray*. They do their master harm by such lack of discrimination. *Lucy Gray* is a beautiful success; *The Sailor's Mother* is a failure. To give aright what he wishes to give, to interpret and render successfully, is not always within Wordsworth's own command. It is within no poet's command; here is the part of the Muse, the inspiration, the God, the "not ourselves." In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration, is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left "weak as is a breaking wave." I remember hearing him say that "Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough." The remark is striking and true; no line in Goethe, as Goethe said himself, but its maker knew well how it came there. Wordsworth is right, Goethe's poetry is not inevitable; not inevitable enough. But Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem but wrote his poem for him.

He has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his master's manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines; but he has no assured poetic style of his own, like Milton. When he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity. In the *Excursion* we have his style, as an artistic product of his own creation; and although Jeffrey completely failed to recognise Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of the *Excursion*, as a work of poetic style: "This will never do." And yet magical as is that power, which Wordsworth has not, of assured and possessed poetic style, he has something which is an equivalent for it.

Every one who has any sense for these things feels the subtle turn, the heightening, which is given to a poet's verse by his genius for style. We can feel it in the

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—

of Shakespeare; in the

"though fall'n on evil days,
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues"—

of Milton. It is the incomparable charm of Milton's power of poetic style which gives such worth to *Paradise Regained*, and makes a great poem of a work in which Milton's imagination does not soar high. Wordsworth has in constant possession, and at command, no style of this kind; but he had too poetic a nature, and had read the great poets too well, not to catch, as I have already remarked, something of it occasionally. We find it not only in his Miltonic lines; we find it in such a phrase as this, where the manner is his own, not Milton's—

"the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore
Within the walls of cities"—

although even here, perhaps, the power of style, which is undeniable, is more properly that of eloquent prose than the subtle heightening and

change wrought by genuine poetic style. It is style, again, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of *Laodamia*. Still the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this:—

"And never lifted up a single stone."

There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind.

Wordsworth owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters, Burns could show him.

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
 And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
 And stain'd his name."

Every one will be conscious of a likeness here to Wordsworth; and if Wordsworth did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always have been forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him.

Still Wordsworth's use of it has something unique and unmatchable. Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes: from the profound sincerity with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of *Resolution and Independence*; but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.

Wherever we meet with the suc-

cessful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. I have a warm admiration for *Laodamia* and for the great *Ode*; but if I am to tell the very truth, I find *Laodamia* not wholly free from something artificial, and the great *Ode* not wholly free from something declamatory. If I had to pick out the kind of poems which most perfectly show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as *Michael*, *The Fountain*, *The Highland Reaper*. And poems with the peculiar and unique beauty which distinguishes these he produced in considerable number; besides very many other poems of which the worth, although not so rare as the worth of these, is still exceedingly high.

On the whole, then, as I said at the beginning, not only is Wordsworth eminent because of the goodness of his best work, but he is eminent, also, because of the great body of good work which he has left to us. With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakspeare, Milton, even Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven than Wordsworth. But I know /not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superiors.

I have spoken lightly of Wordsworthians; and if we are to get Wordsworth recognised by the public and by the world, we must recommend him not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry. But I am a Wordsworthian myself. I can read with pleasure *Peter Bell*, and the whole series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the *Thanksgiving Ode*—everything of Wordsworth, I think, except *Vaudracour and Julia*. It is not for nothing that one has been brought up in the veneration of a man so truly worthy of it; that one has seen him and heard him, lived in his neighbourhood and been familiar with his country. No Wordsworthian has a tenderer affection for this pure and sage master than I, or is less really offended by his defects. But Wordsworth is something more than the pure and sage master of a small band of devoted followers, and we ought not to rest satisfied until he is seen to be what he is. He is one of the very chief glories of English poetry; and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry. Let us lay aside every weight which hinders our getting him recognised as this, and let our one study be to bring to pass, as widely as possible and as truly as possible, his own word concerning his poems:—"They will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE DIARY OF A MAN OF FIFTY.

FLORENCE, April 5th, 1874.—They told me I should find Italy greatly changed ; and in seven and twenty years there is room for changes. But to me everything is so perfectly the same that I seem to be living my youth over again ; all the forgotten impressions of that enchanting time come back to me. At the moment they were powerful enough ; but they afterwards faded away. What in the world became of them ? What ever becomes of such things, in the long intervals of consciousness ? Where do they hide themselves away ? in what unvisited cupboards and crannies of our being do they preserve themselves ? They are like the lines of a letter written in sympathetic ink ; hold the letter to the fire for a while and the grateful warmth brings out the invisible words. It is the warmth of this yellow sun of Florence that has been restoring the text of my own young romance ; the thing has been lying before me to-day as a clear, fresh page. There have been moments during the last ten years when I have felt so portentously old, so fagged and finished, that I should have taken as a very bad joke any intimation that this present sense of juvenility was still in store for me. It won't last, at any rate ; so I had better make the best of it. But I confess it surprises me. I have led too serious a life ; but that perhaps, after all, preserves one's youth. At all events, I have travelled too far, I have worked too hard, I have lived in brutal climates and associated with tiresome people. When a man has reached his fifty-second year without being, materially, the worse for wear —when he has fair health, a fair fortune, a tidy conscience and a complete exemption from embarrassing relatives—I suppose he is bound, in

delicacy, to write himself happy. But I confess I shirk this obligation. I have not been miserable ; I won't go so far as to say that—or at least as to write it. But happiness—positive happiness—would have been something different. I don't know that it would have been better, by all measurements—that it would have left me better off at the present time. But it certainly would have made this difference—that I should not have been reduced, in pursuit of pleasant images, to disinter a buried episode of more than a quarter of a century ago. I should have found entertainment more—what shall I call it ?—more contemporaneous. I should have had a wife and children, and I should not be in the way of making, as the French say, infidelities to the present. Of course it's a great gain to have had an escape, not to have committed an act of thumping folly ; and I suppose that, whatever serious step one might have taken at twenty-five, after a struggle, and with a violent effort, and however one's conduct might appear to be justified by events, there would always remain a certain element of regret ; a certain sense of loss lurking in the sense of gain ; a tendency to wonder, rather wishfully, what *might* have been. What might have been, in this case, would, without doubt, have been very sad, and what has been has been very cheerful and comfortable ; but there are nevertheless two or three questions I might ask myself. Why, for instance, have I never married—why have I never been able to care for any woman as I cared for that one ? Ah, why are the mountains blue and why is the sunshine warm ? Happiness mitigated by impertinent conjectures—that's about my ticket.

6th.—I knew it wouldn't last ; it's

already passing away. But I have spent a delightful day; I have been strolling all over the place. Everything reminds me of something else, and yet of itself at the same time; my imagination makes a great circuit and comes back to the starting-point. There is that well-remembered odour of spring in the air, and the flowers, as they used to be, are gathered into great sheaves and stacks, all along the rugged base of the Strozzi Palace. I wandered for an hour in the Boboli Gardens; we went there several times together. I remember all those days individually; they seem to me as yesterday. I found the corner where she always chose to sit—the bench of sun-warmed marble, in front of the screen of ilex, with that exuberant statue of Pomona just beside it. The place is exactly the same, except that poor Pomona has lost one of her tapering fingers. I sat there for half-an-hour, and it was strange how near to me she seemed. The place was perfectly empty—that is, it was filled with her. I closed my eyes and listened; I could almost hear the rustle of her dress on the gravel. Why do we make such an ado about death? What is it after all but a sort of refinement of life? She died ten years ago, and yet, as I sat there in the evening stillness, she was a palpable, audible presence. I went afterwards into the gallery of the palace, and wandered for an hour from room to room. The same great pictures hung in the same places and the same dark frescoes arched above them. Twice, of old, I went there with her; she had a great understanding of art. She understood all sorts of things. Before the Madonna of the Chair I stood a long time. The face is not a particle like hers, and yet it reminded me of her. But everything does that. We stood and looked at it together once for half-an-hour; I remember perfectly what she said.

8th.—Yesterday I felt blue—blue and bored; and when I got up this morning I had half a mind to leave

Florence. But I went out into the street, beside the Arno, and looked up and down—looked at the yellow river and the violet hills, and then decided to remain,—or rather, I decided nothing. I simply stood gazing at the beauty of Florence, and before I had gazed my fill I was in good humour again, and it was too late to start for Rome. I strolled along the quay, where something presently happened that rewarded me for staying. I stopped in front of a little jewellers' shop, where a great many objects in mosaic were exposed in the window; I stood there for some minutes—I don't know why, for I have no taste for mosaic. In a moment a little girl came and stood beside me—a little girl with a frowsy Italian head, carrying a basket. I turned away, but, as I turned, my eyes happened to fall on her basket. It was covered with a napkin, and on the napkin was pinned a piece of paper, inscribed with an address. This address caught my glance—there was a name on it I knew. It was very legibly written—evidently by a scribe who had made up in zeal what was lacking in skill. *Contessa Salvi-Scarabelli, Via Ghibellina*—so ran the superscription: I looked at it for some moments; it caused me a sudden emotion. Presently the little girl, becoming aware of my attention, glanced up at me, wondering, with a pair of timid brown eyes.

"Are you carrying your basket to the Countess Salvi?" I asked.

The child stared at me. "To the Countess Scarabelli."

"Do you know the Countess?"

"Know her!" murmured the child, with an air of small dismay.

"I mean, have you seen her?"

"Yes, I have seen her." And then, in a moment, with a sudden soft smile—"E bella!" said the little girl. She was beautiful herself as she said it.

"Precisely; and is she fair or dark?"

The child kept gazing at me. "Bionda—bionda," she answered, look-

ing about into the golden sunshine for a comparison.

"And is she young?"

"She is not young—like me. But she is not old like—like—"

"Like me, eh? And is she married?"

The little girl began to look wise. "I have never seen the Signor Conte."

"And she lives in Via Ghibellina?"

"Sicuro. In a beautiful palace."

I had one more question to ask, and I pointed it with certain copper coins. "Tell me a little—is she good?"

The child inspected a moment the contents of her little brown fist. "It's you who are good," she answered.

"Ah, but the Countess?" I repeated.

My informant lowered her big brown eyes, with an air of conscientious meditation that was inexpressibly quaint. "To me she appears so," she said at last, looking up.

"Ah, then she must be so," I said, "because, for your age, you are very intelligent." And having delivered myself of this compliment I walked away and left the little girl counting her *soldi*.

I walked back to the hotel, wondering how I could learn something about the Contessa Salvi-Scarabelli. In the doorway I found the innkeeper, and near him stood a young man whom I immediately perceived to be a compatriot and with whom, apparently, he had been in conversation.

"I wonder whether you can give me a piece of information," I said to the landlord. "Do you know anything about the Count Salvi-Scarabelli?"

The landlord looked down at his boots, then slowly raised his shoulders with a melancholy smile. "I have many regrets, dear sir—"

"You don't know the name?"

"I know the name, assuredly. But I don't know the gentleman."

I saw that my question had attracted the attention of the young Englishman, who looked at me with a good deal of earnestness. He was apparently

satisfied with what he saw, for he presently decided to speak.

"The Count Scarabelli is dead," he said, very gravely.

I looked at him a moment; he was a pleasing young fellow. "And his widow lives," I observed, "in Via Ghibellina."

"I daresay that is the name of the street." He was a handsome young Englishman, but he was also an awkward one; he wondered who I was and what I wanted, and he did me the honour to perceive that, as regards these points, my appearance was reassuring. But he hesitated, very properly, to talk with a perfect stranger about a lady whom he knew, and he had not the art to conceal his hesitation. I instantly felt it to be singular that though he regarded me as a perfect stranger, I had not the same feeling about him. Whether it was that I had seen him before, or simply that I was struck with his agreeable young face—at any rate, I felt myself as they say here, in sympathy with him. If I have seen him before I don't remember the occasion, and neither, apparently, does he; I suppose it's only a part of the feeling I have had the last three days about everything. It was this feeling that made me suddenly act as if I had known him a long time.

"Do you know the Countess Salvi?" I asked.

He looked at me a little, and then, without resenting the freedom of my question—"The Countess Scarabelli you mean," he said.

"Yes," I answered; "she's the daughter."

"The daughter is a little girl."

"She must be grown up now. She must be—let me see—close upon thirty."

"My young Englishman began to smile. "Of whom are you speaking?"

"I was speaking of the daughter," I said, understanding his smile. "But I was thinking of the mother."

"Of the mother?"

"Of a person I knew twenty-seven

years ago—the most charming woman I have ever known. She was the Countess Salvi—she lived in a wonderful old house in Via Ghibellina."

"A wonderful old house!" my young Englishman repeated.

"She had a little girl," I went on; "and the little girl was very fair, like her mother; and the mother and daughter had the same name—Bianca." I stopped and looked at my companion, and he blushed a little. "And Bianca Salvi," I continued, "was the most charming woman in the world." He blushed a little more, and I laid my hand on his shoulder. "Do you know why I tell you this? Because you remind me of what I was when I knew her—when I loved her." My poor young Englishman gazed at me with a sort of embarrassed and fascinated stare, and still I went on. "I say that's the reason I told you this—but you'll think it a strange reason. You remind me of my younger self. You needn't resent that—I was a charming young fellow. The Countess Salvi thought so. Her daughter thinks the same of you."

Instantly, instinctively he raised his hand to my arm. "Truly?"

"Ah, you are wonderfully like me!" I said, laughing. "That was just my state of mind. I wanted tremendously to please her." He dropped his hand and looked away, smiling, but with an air of ingenuous confusion which quickened my interest in him. "You don't know what to make of me," I pursued. "You don't know why a stranger should suddenly address you in this way and pretend to read your thoughts. Doubtless you think me a little cracked. Perhaps I am eccentric; but it's not so bad as that. I have lived about the world a great deal, following my profession, which is that of a soldier. I have been in India, in Africa, in Canada, and I have lived a good deal alone. That inclines people, I think, to sudden bursts of confidence. A week ago I came into Italy, where I spent six months when I was your age. I came

straight to Florence—I was eager to see it again, on account of associations. They have been crowding upon me ever so thickly. I have taken the liberty of giving you a hint of them." The young man inclined himself a little, in silence, as if he had been struck with a sudden respect. He stood and looked away for a moment at the river and the mountains. "It's very beautiful," I said.

"Oh, it's enchanting," he murmured.

"That's the way I used to talk. But that's nothing to you."

He glanced at me again. "On the contrary, I like to hear."

"Well, then, let us take a walk. If you, too, are staying at this inn we are fellow-travellers. We will walk down the Arno to the Cascine. There are several things I should like to ask of you."

My young Englishman assented with an air of almost filial confidence, and we strolled for an hour beside the river and through the shady alleys of that lovely wilderness. We had a great deal of talk: it's not only myself, it's my whole situation over again.

"Are you very fond of Italy?" I asked.

He hesitated a moment. "One can't express that."

"Just so; I couldn't express it. I used to try—I used to write verses. On the subject of Italy I was very ridiculous."

"So am I ridiculous," said my companion.

"No, my dear boy," I answered, "we are not ridiculous; we are two very reasonable, superior people."

"The first time one comes—as I have done—it's a revelation."

"Oh, I remember well; one never forgets it. It's an introduction to beauty."

"And it must be a great pleasure," said my young friend, "to come back."

"Yes, fortunately the beauty is always here. What form of it?" I asked, "do you prefer?"

My companion looked a little mystified; and at last he said, "I am very fond of the pictures."

"So was I. And among the pictures, which do you like best?"

"Oh, a great many."

"So did I; but I had certain favourites."

Again the young man hesitated a little, and then he confessed that the group of painters he preferred on the whole to all others was that of the early Florentines.

I was so struck with this that I stopped short. "That was exactly my taste!" And then I passed my hand into his arm and we went our way again.

We sat down on an old stone bench in the Cascine, and a solemn blank-eyed Hermes, with wrinkles accented by the dust of ages, stood above us and listened to our talk.

"The Countess Salvi died ten years ago," I said.

My companion admitted that he had heard her daughter say so.

"After I knew her she married again," I added. "The Count Salvi died before I knew her—a couple of years after their marriage."

"Yes, I have heard that."

"And what else have you heard?"

My companion stared at me; he had evidently heard nothing.

"She was a very interesting woman—there are a great many things to be said about her. Later, perhaps, I will tell you. Has the daughter the same charm?"

"You forget," said my young man, smiling, "that I have never seen the mother."

"Very true. I keep confounding. But the daughter—how long have you known her?"

"Only since I have been here. A very short time."

"A week?"

For a moment he said nothing. "A month."

"That's just the answer I should have made. A week, a month—it was all the same to me."

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"I think it is more than a month," said the young man.

"It's probably six. How did you make her acquaintance?"

"By a letter—an introduction given me by a friend in England."

"The analogy is complete," I said.

"But the friend who gave me my letter to Madame de Salvi died many years ago. He, too, admired her greatly. I don't know why it never came into my mind that her daughter might be living in Florence. Somehow I took for granted it was all over. I never thought of the little girl; I never heard what had become of her. I walked past the palace yesterday and saw that it was occupied; but I took for granted it had changed hands."

"The Countess Scarabelli," said my friend, "brought it to her husband as her marriage-portion."

"I hope he appreciated it! There is a fountain in the court, and there is a charming old garden beyond it. The Countess's sitting-room looks into that garden. The staircase is of white marble, and there is a medallion by Luca della Robbia set into the wall at the place where it makes a bend. Before you come into the drawing-room you stand a moment in a great vaulted place hung round with faded tapestry, paved with bare tiles, and furnished only with three chairs. In the drawing-room, above the fireplace, is a superb Andrea del Sarto. The furniture is covered with pale sea-green."

My companion listened to all this. "The Andrea del Sarto is there; it's magnificent. But the furniture is in pale red."

"Ah, they have changed it then—in twenty-seven years."

"And there's a portrait of Madame de Salvi," continued my friend.

I was silent a moment. "I should like to see that."

He too was silent. Then he asked, "Why don't you go and see it? If you knew the mother so well, why don't you call upon the daughter?"

"From what you tell me I am afraid."

"What have I told you to make you afraid?"

I looked a little at his ingenuous countenance. "The mother was a very dangerous woman."

The young Englishman began to blush again. "The daughter is not," he said.

"Are you very sure?"

He didn't say he was sure, but he presently inquired in what way the Countess Salvi had been dangerous.

"You must not ask me that," I answered; "for, after all, I desire to remember only what was good in her." And as we walked back I begged him to render me the service of mentioning my name to his friend, and of saying that I had known her mother well, and that I asked permission to come and see her.

9th.—I have seen that poor boy half-a-dozen times again, and a most amiable young fellow he is. He continues to represent to me, in the most extraordinary manner, my own young identity; the correspondence is perfect at all points, save that he is a better boy than I. He is evidently acutely interested in his Countess, and leads quite the same life with her that I led with Madame de Salvi. He goes to see her every evening and stays half the night; these Florentines keep the most extraordinary hours. I remember, towards 3 A.M., Madame de Salvi used to turn me out. "Come, come," she would say, "it's time to go. If you were to stay later people might talk." I don't know at what time he comes home, but I suppose his evening seems as short as mine did. To-day he brought me a message from his Contessa—a very gracious little speech. She remembered often to have heard her mother speak of me—she called me her English friend. All her mother's friends were dear to her, and she begged I would do her the honour to come and see her. She is always at home of an evening. Poor young Stanmer (he is of the Devonshire Stanmers—a great property) reported this speech verbatim, and of course it

can't in the least signify to him that a poor grizzled, battered soldier, old enough to be his father, should come to call upon his *inamorata*. But I remember how it used to matter to me when other men came; that's a point of difference. However, it's only because I'm so old. At twenty-five I shouldn't have been afraid of myself at fifty-two. Camerino was thirty-four—and then the others! She was always at home in the evening, and they all used to come. They were old Florentine names. But she used to let me stay after them all; she thought an old English name as good. What a transcendent coquette! . . . But *basta così*, as she used to say. I meant to go to-night to Casa Salvi, but I couldn't bring myself to the point. I don't know what I'm afraid of; I used to be in a hurry enough to go there once. I suppose I am afraid of the very look of the place—of the old rooms, the old walls. I shall go to-morrow night. I am afraid of the very echoes.

10th.—She has the most extraordinary resemblance to her mother. When I went in I was tremendously startled; I stood staring at her. I have just come home; it is past midnight; I have been all the evening at Casa Salvi. It is very warm—my window is open—I can look out on the river, gliding past in the starlight. So, of old, when I came home, I used to stand and look out. There are the same cypresses on the opposite hills.

Poor young Stanmer was there, and three or four other admirers; they all got up when I came in. I think I had been talked about and there was some curiosity. But why should I have been talked about? They were all youngish men—none of them of my time. She is a wonderful likeness of her mother; I couldn't get over it. Beautiful like her mother, and yet with the same faults in her face; but with her mother's perfect head and brow and sympathetic, almost pitying, eyes. Her face has just that peculiarity of her mother's, which, of all

human countenances that I have ever known, was the one that passed most quickly and completely from the expression of gaiety to that of repose. Repose, in her face, always suggested sadness; and while you were watching it with a kind of awe, and wondering of what tragic secret it was the token, it kindled, on the instant, into a radiant Italian smile. The Countess Scarella's smiles to-night, however, were almost uninterrupted. She greeted me—divinely, as her mother used to do; and young Stanmer sat in the corner of the sofa—as I used to do—and watched her while she talked. She is thin and very fair, and was dressed in light, vaporous black: that completes the resemblance. The house, the rooms, are almost absolutely the same; there may be changes of detail, but they don't modify the general effect. There are the same precious pictures on the walls of the salon—the same great dusky fresco in the concave ceiling. The daughter is not rich, I suppose, any more than the mother. The furniture is worn and faded, and I was admitted by a solitary servant, who carried a twinkling taper before me up the great dark marble staircase.

"I have often heard of you," said the Countess, as I sat down near her; "my mother often spoke of you."

"Often?" I answered. "I am surprised at that."

"Why are you surprised? Were you not good friends?"

"Yes, for a certain time—very good friends. But I was sure she had forgotten me."

"She never forgot," said the Countess, looking at me intently and smiling. "She was not like that."

"She was not like most other women in any way," I declared.

"Ah, she was charming," cried the Countess, rattling open her fan. "I have always been very curious to see you. I have received an impression of you."

"A good one, I hope."

She looked at me, laughing and

not answering this: it was just her mother's trick.

"'My Englishman,' she used to call you—'*il mio Inglese*.'"

"I hope she spoke of me kindly," I insisted.

The Countess, still laughing, gave a little shrug, balancing her hand to and fro. "So-so; I always supposed you had had a quarrel. You don't mind my being frank like this—eh?"

"I delight in it; it reminds me of your mother."

"Every one tells me that. But I am not clever like her. You will see for yourself."

"That speech," I said, "completes the resemblance. She was always pretending she was not clever, and in reality—"

"In reality she was an angel, eh? To escape from dangerous comparisons I will admit then that I am clever. That will make a difference. But let us talk of you. You are very—how shall I say it?—very eccentric."

"Is that what your mother told you?"

"To tell the truth, she spoke of you as a great original. But aren't all Englishmen eccentric? All except that one!" And the Countess pointed to poor Stanmer, in his corner of the sofa.

"Oh, I know just what he is," I said.

"He's as quiet as a lamb—he's like all the world," cried the Countess.

"Like all the world—yes. He's in love with you."

She looked at me with sudden gravity. "I don't object to your saying that for all the world—but I do for him."

"Well," I went on, "he's peculiar in this: he's rather afraid of you."

Instantly she began to smile; she turned her face toward Stanmer. He had seen that we were talking about him; he coloured and got up—then came toward us.

"I like men who are afraid of nothing," said our hostess.

"I know what you want," I said to

Stanmer. "You want to know what the Signora Contessa says about you."

Stanmer looked straight into her face, very gravely. "I don't care a straw what she says."

"You are almost a match for the Signora Contessa," I answered. "She declares she doesn't care a pin's head what you think."

"I recognise the Countess's style!" Stanmer exclaimed, turning away.

"One would think," said the Countess, "that you were trying to make a quarrel between us."

I watched him move away to another part of the great saloon; he stood in front of the Andrea del Sarto, looking up at it. But he was not seeing it; he was listening to what we might say. I often stood there in just that way. "He can't quarrel with you, any more than I could have quarrelled with your mother."

"Ah, but you did. Something painful passed between you."

"Yes, it was painful, but it was not a quarrel. I went away one day and never saw her again. That was all."

The Countess looked at me gravely. "What do you call it when a man does that?"

"It depends upon the case."

"Sometimes," said the Countess in French, "it's a *lâcheté*."

"Yes, and sometimes it's an act of wisdom."

"And sometimes," rejoined the Countess, "it's a mistake."

I shook my head. "For me it was no mistake."

She began to laugh again. "Caro Signore, you're a great original. What had my poor mother done to you?"

I looked at our young Englishman, who still had his back turned to us and was staring up at the picture. "I will tell you some other time," I said.

"I shall certainly remind you; I am very curious to know." Then she opened and shut her fan two or three times, still looking at me. "What eyes they have! Tell me a little," she went on, "if I may ask without indiscretion. Are you married?"

"No, Signora Contessa."

"Isn't that at least a mistake?"

"Do I look very unhappy?"

She dropped her head a little to one side. "For an Englishman—no!"

"Ah," said I, laughing, "you are quite as clever as your mother."

"And they tell me that you are a great soldier," she continued; "you have lived in India. It was very kind of you, so far away, to have remembered our poor dear Italy."

"One always remembers Italy; the distance makes no difference. I remembered it well the day I heard of your mother's death!"

"Ah, that was a sorrow!" said the Countess. "There's not a day that I don't weep for her. But *che vuole?* She's a saint in paradise."

"*Sicuro*," I answered; and I looked some time at the ground. "But tell me about yourself, dear lady," I asked at last, raising my eyes. "You have also had the sorrow of losing your husband."

"I am a poor widow as you see. *Che vuole?* My husband died after three years of marriage."

I waited for her to remark that the late Count Scarabelli was also a saint in paradise, but I waited in vain.

"That was like your distinguished father," I said.

"Yes, he too died young. I can't be said to have known him; I was but of the age of my own little girl. But I weep for him all the more."

Again I was silent for a moment.

"It was in India too," I said presently, "that I heard of your mother's second marriage."

The Countess raised her eyebrows.

"In India then, one hears of everything! Did that news please you?"

"Well, since you ask me—no."

"I understand that," said the Countess, looking at her open fan. "I shall not marry again like that."

"That's what your mother said to me," I ventured to observe.

She was not offended, but she rose from her seat and stood looking at me a moment. Then—

"You should not have gone away!" she exclaimed.

I staid for another hour; it is a very pleasant house. Two or three of the men who were sitting there seemed very civil and intelligent; one of them was a major of engineers, who offered me a profusion of information upon the new organisation of the Italian army. While he talked, however, I was observing our hostess, who was talking with the others; very little, I noticed, with her young Inglesi. She is altogether charming—full of frankness and freedom, of that inimitable *disinvoltura* which in an Englishwoman would be vulgar, and which in her is simply the perfection of apparent spontaneity. But for all her spontaneity she's as subtle as a needle-point, and knows tremendously well what she is about. If she is not a consummate coquette . . . What had she in her head when she said that I should not have gone away!—Poor little Stanmer didn't go away. I left him there at midnight.

12th.—I found him to-day sitting in the church of Santa Croce, into which I wandered to escape from the heat of the sun.

In the nave it was cool and dim; he was staring at the blaze of candles on the great altar, and thinking, I am sure, of his incomparable Countess. I sat down beside him, and after a while, as if to avoid the appearance of eagerness, he asked me how I had enjoyed my visit to 'Casa Salvi, and what I thought of the *padrona*.

"I think half a dozen things," I said; "but I can only tell you one now. She's an enchantress. You shall hear the rest when we have left the church."

"An enchantress!" repeated Stanmer, looking at me askance.

He is a very simple youth, but who am I, to blame him?

"A charmer," I said; "a fascinating!"

He turned away, staring at the altar-candles.

"An artist—an actress," I went on, rather brutally.

He gave me another glance.

"I think you are telling me all," he said.

"No, no, there is more." And we sat a long time in silence.

At last he proposed that we should go out; and we passed into the street, where the shadows had begun to stretch themselves.

"I don't know what you mean by her being an actress," he said, as we turned homeward.

"I suppose not. Neither should I have known if any one had said that to me."

"You are thinking about the mother," said Stanmer. "Why are you always bringing *her* in?"

"My dear boy, the analogy is so great; it forces itself upon me."

He stopped, and stood looking at me with his modest, perplexed young face. I thought he was going to exclaim—"The analogy be hanged!"—but he said after a moment—

"Well, what does it prove?"

"I can't say it proves anything; but it suggests a great many things."

"Be so good as to mention a few," he said, as we walked on.

"You are not sure of her yourself," I began.

"Never mind that—go on with your analogy."

"That's a part of it. You are very much in love with her."

"That's a part of it too, I suppose?"

"Yes, as I have told you before. You are in love with her, and yet you can't make her out; that's just where I was with regard to Madame de Salvi."

"And she too was an enchantress, an actress, an artist, and all the rest of it!"

"She was the most perfect coquette I ever knew, and the most dangerous, because the most finished."

"What you mean, then, is that her daughter is a finished coquette!"

"I rather think so."

Stanmer walked along for some moments in silence.

"Seeing that you suppose me to be a—great admirer of the Countess," he said at last, "I am rather surprised at the freedom with which you speak of her."

I confessed that I was surprised at it myself. "But it's on account of the interest I take in you."

"I am immensely obliged to you!" said the poor boy.

"Ah, of course you don't like it. That is, you like my interest—I don't see how you can help liking that; but you don't like my freedom. That's natural enough; but, my dear young friend, I want only to help you. If a man had said to me—so many years ago—what I am saying to you, I should certainly also, at first, have thought him a great brute. But, after a little, I should have been grateful—I should have felt that he was helping me."

"You seem to have been very well able to help yourself," said Stanmer. "You tell me you made your escape."

"Yes, but it was at the cost of infinite perplexity—of what I may call keen suffering. I should like to save you all that."

"I can only repeat—it is really very kind of you."

"Don't repeat it too often, or I shall begin to think you don't mean it."

"Well," said Stanmer, "I think this, at any rate—that you take an extraordinary responsibility in trying to put a man out of conceit of a woman who, as he believes, may make him very happy."

I grasped his arm, and we stopped, going on with our talk like a couple of Florentines.

"Do you wish to marry her?"

He looked away, without meeting my eyes. "It's a great responsibility," he repeated.

"Before Heaven," I said, "I would have married the mother! You are exactly in my situation."

"Don't you think you rather overdo the analogy?" asked poor Stanmer.

"A little more, a little less—it

doesn't matter. I believe you are in my shoes. But of course if you prefer it I will beg a thousand pardons and leave them to carry you where they will."

He had been looking away, but now he slowly turned his face and met my eyes. "You have gone too far to retreat; what is it you know about her?"

"About this one—nothing. But about the other——"

"I care nothing about the other!"

"My dear fellow," I said, "they are mother and daughter—they are as like as two of Andrea's Madonnas."

"If they resemble each other, then, you were simply mistaken in the mother."

I took his arm and we walked on again; there seemed no adequate reply to such a charge. "Your state of mind brings back my own so completely," I said presently. "You admire her—you adore her, and yet, secretly, you mistrust her. You are enchanted with her personal charm, her grace, her wit, her everything; and yet in your private heart you are afraid of her."

"Afraid of her?"

"Your mistrust keeps rising to the surface; you can't rid yourself of the suspicion that at the bottom of all things she is hard and cruel, and you would be immensely relieved if some one should persuade you that your suspicion is right."

Stanmer made no direct reply to this; but before we reached the hotel he said—"What did you ever know about the mother?"

"It's a terrible story," I answered.

He looked at me askance. "What did she do?"

"Come to my rooms this evening and I will tell you."

He declared he would, but he never came. Exactly the way I should have acted!

14th.—I went again, last evening, to Casa Salvi, where I found the same little circle, with the addition of a couple of ladies. Stanmer was there,

trying hard to talk to one of them, but making, I am sure, a very poor business of it. The Countess—well, the Countess was admirable. She greeted me like a friend of ten years, toward whom familiarity should not have engendered a want of ceremony; she made me sit near her, and she asked me a dozen questions about my health and my occupations.

"I live in the past," I said. "I go into the galleries, into the old palaces and the churches. To-day I spent an hour in Michael Angelo's chapel, at San Lorenzo."

"Ah, yes, that's the past," said the Countess. "Those things are very old."

"Twenty-seven years old," I answered.

"Twenty-seven? *Altro!*"

"I mean my own past," I said. "I went to a great many of those places with your mother."

"Ah, the pictures are beautiful," murmured the Countess, glancing at Stanmer.

"Have you lately looked at any of them?" I asked. "Have you gone to the galleries with him?"

She hesitated a moment, smiling. "It seems to me that your question is a little impertinent. But I think you are like that."

"A little impertinent? Never. As I say, your mother did me the honour, more than once, to accompany me to the Uffizzi."

"My mother must have been very kind to you."

"So it seemed to me at the time."

"At the time, only?"

"Well, if you prefer, so it seems to me now."

"Eh," said the Countess, "she made sacrifices."

"To what, cara Signora? She was perfectly free. Your lamented father was dead—and she had not yet contracted her second marriage."

"If she was intending to marry again, it was all the more reason she should have been careful."

I looked at her a moment; she met

my eyes gravely, over the top of her fan. "Are you very careful?" I said.

She dropped her fan with a certain violence. "Ah, yes, you are impertinent!"

"Ah, no," I said. "Remember that I am old enough to be your father, that I knew you when you were three years old. I may surely ask such questions. But you are right; one must do your mother justice. She was certainly thinking of her second marriage."

"You have not forgiven her that!" said the Countess, very gravely.

"Have you?" I asked, more lightly.

"I don't judge my mother. That is a mortal sin. My stepfather was very kind to me."

"I remember him," I said; "I saw him a great many times—your mother already received him."

My hostess sat with lowered eyes, saying nothing; but she presently looked up.

"She was very unhappy with my father."

"That I can easily believe. And your stepfather—is he still living?"

"He died—before my mother."

"Did he fight any more duels?"

"He was killed in a duel," said the Countess, discreetly.

It seems almost monstrous, especially as I can give no reason for it—but this announcement, instead of shocking me, caused me to feel a strange exhilaration. Most assuredly, after all these years, I bear the poor man no resentment. Of course I controlled my manner and simply remarked to the Countess that as his fault had been, so was his punishment. I think, however, that the feeling of which I speak was at the bottom of my saying to her that I hoped that, unlike her mother's, her own brief married life had been happy.

"If it was not," she said, "I have forgotten it now."—I wonder if the late Count Scarabelli was also killed in a duel, and if his adversary

Is it on the books that his adversary, as well, shall perish by the pistol? Which of those gentlemen is he, I wonder? Is it reserved for poor little Stanmer to put a bullet into him? No, poor little Stanmer, I trust, will do as I did. And yet, unfortunately for him, that woman is consummately plausible. She was wonderfully nice last evening; she was really irresistible. Such frankness and freedom, and yet something so soft and womanly; such graceful gaiety, so much of the brightness, without any of the stiffness, of good breeding, and over it all something so picturesquely simple and southern. She is a perfect Italian. But she comes honestly by it. After the talk I have just jotted down she changed her place, and the conversation for half-an-hour was general. Stanmer indeed said very little; partly, I suppose, because he is shy of talking a foreign tongue. Was I like that—was I so constantly silent? I suspect I was when I was perplexed, and heaven knows that very often my perplexity was extreme. Before I went away I had a few more words tête-à-tête with the Countess.

"I hope you are not leaving Florence yet," she said; "you will stay a while longer?"

I answered that I came only for a week, and that my week was over.

"I stay on from day to day, I am so much interested."

"Eh, it's the beautiful moment. I'm glad our city pleases you!"

"Florence pleases me—and I take a paternal interest in our young friend," I added, glancing at Stanmer. "I have become very fond of him."

"*Bel tipo inglese,*" said my hostess. "And he is very intelligent; he has a beautiful mind."

She stood there resting her smile and her clear, expressive eyes upon me.

"I don't like to praise him too much," I rejoined, "lest I should appear to praise myself; he reminds me so much of what I was at his age. If your beautiful mother were to come

to life for an hour she would see the resemblance."

She gave me a little amused stare.

"And yet you don't look at all like him!"

"Ah, you didn't know me when I was twenty-five. I was very handsome! And, moreover, it isn't that, it's the mental resemblance. I was ingenuous, candid, trusting, like him."

"Trusting? I remember my mother once telling me that you were the most suspicious and jealous of men."

"I fell into a suspicious mood, but I was, fundamentally, not in the least addicted to thinking evil. I couldn't easily imagine any harm of any one."

"And so you mean that Mr. Stanmer is in a suspicious mood?"

"Well, I mean that his situation is the same as mine."

The Countess gave me one of her serious looks.

"Come," she said, "what was it—this famous situation of yours? I have heard you mention it before."

"Your mother might have told you, since she occasionally did me the honour to speak of me."

"All my mother ever told me was that you were a sad puzzle to her."

At this, of course, I laughed out—I laugh still as I write it.

"Well then, that was my situation—I was a sad puzzle to a very clever woman."

"And you mean, therefore, that I am a puzzle to poor Mr. Stanmer?"

"He is racking his brains to make you out. Remember it was you who said he was intelligent."

She looked round at him, and as fortune would have it, his appearance at that moment quite confirmed my assertion. He was lounging back in his chair with an air of indolence rather too marked for a drawing-room, and staring at the ceiling with the expression of a man who has just been asked a conundrum. Madame Scarabelli seemed struck with his attitude.

"Don't you see," I said, "he can't read the riddle?"

"You yourself," she answered, "said he was incapable of thinking evil. I should be sorry to have him think any evil of me."

And she looked straight at me—seriously, appealingly—with her beautiful candid brow.

I inclined myself, smiling, in a manner which might have meant—

"How could that be possible?"

"I have a great esteem for him," she went on; "I want him to think well of me. If I am a puzzle to him, do me a little service. Explain me to him."

"Explain you, dear lady!"

"You are older and wiser than he. Make him understand me."

She looked deep into my eyes for a moment and then she turned away.

26th.—I have written nothing for a good many days, but meanwhile I have been half a dozen times to Casa Salvi. I have seen a good deal also of my young friend—had a good many walks and talks with him. I have proposed to him to come with me to Venice for a fortnight, but he won't listen to the idea of leaving Florence. He is very happy, in spite of his doubts, and I confess that in the perception of his happiness I have lived over again my own. This is so much the case that when, the other day, he at last made up his mind to ask me to tell him the wrong that Madame de Salvi had done me, I rather checked his curiosity. I told him that if he was bent upon knowing I would satisfy him, but that it seemed a pity, just now, to indulge in painful imagery.

"But I thought you wanted so much to put me out of conceit of our friend."

"I admit I am inconsistent, but there are various reasons for it. In the first place—it's obvious—I am open to the charge of playing a double game. I profess an admiration for the Countess Scarabelli, for I accept her hospitality, and at the same time I attempt to poison your mind; isn't that the proper expression? I can't exactly make up my mind to that, though my

admiration for the Countess and my desire to prevent you from taking a foolish step are equally sincere. And then, in the second place, you seem to me on the whole so happy! One hesitates to destroy an illusion, no matter how pernicious, that is so delightful while it lasts. Those are the rare moments of life. To be young and ardent, in the midst of an Italian spring, and to believe in the moral perfection of a beautiful woman—what an admirable situation! Float with the current, I'll stand on the brink and watch you."

"Your real reason is that you feel you have no case against the poor lady," said Stanmer. "You admire her as much as I do."

"I just admitted that I admire her: I never said she was a vulgar flirt; her mother was an absolutely scientific one. Heaven knows I admired that! It's a nice point, however, how much one is bound in honour not to warn a young friend against a dangerous woman because one also has relations of civility with the lady."

"In such a case," said Stanmer, "I would break off my relations."

I looked at him, and I think I laughed.

"Are you jealous of me, by chance?"

He shook his head emphatically.

"Not in the least; I like to see you there, because your conduct contradicts your words."

"I have always said that the Countess is fascinating."

"Otherwise," said Stanmer, "in the case you speak of I would give the lady notice."

"Give her notice?"

"Mention to her that you regard her with suspicion, and that you propose to do your best to rescue a simple-minded youth from her wiles. That would be more loyal." And he began to laugh again.

It is not the first time he has laughed at me; but I have never minded it because I have always understood it.

"Is that what you recommend me to say to the Countess?" I asked.

"Recommend you!" he exclaimed, laughing again. "I recommend nothing. I may be the victim to be rescued, but I am at least not a partner to the conspiracy. Besides," he added in a moment, "the Countess knows your state of mind."

"Has she told you so?"

Stanmer hesitated.

"She has begged me to listen to everything you may say against her. She prefers that; she has a good conscience."

"Ah," said I, "she's an accomplished woman!"

And it is indeed very clever of her to take that tone. Stanmer afterwards assured me explicitly that he has never given her a hint of the liberties I have taken in conversation with—what shall I call it?—with her moral nature; she has guessed them for herself. She must hate me intensely, and yet her manner has always been so charming to me! She is truly an accomplished woman!

May 4th.—I have stayed away from Casa Salvi for a week, but I have lingered on in Florence, under a mixture of impulses. I have had it on my conscience not to go near the Countess again—and yet, from the moment she is aware of the way I feel about her, it is open war. There need be no scruples on either side. She is as free to use every possible art to entangle poor Stanmer more closely as I am to clip her fine-spun meshes. Under the circumstances, however, we naturally shouldn't meet very cordially. But as regards her meshes, why, after all, should I clip them? It would really be very interesting to see Stanmer swallowed up. I should like to see how he would agree with her after she had devoured him—(to what vulgar imagery, by the way, does curiosity reduce a man!) Let him finish the story in his own way, as I finished it in mine. It is the same story; but why, a quarter of a century later, should it have the same

dénouement? Let him make his own *dénouement*.

5th.—Hang it, however, I don't want the poor boy to be miserable.

6th.—Ah, but did my *dénouement* then prove such a happy one?

7th.—He came to my room late last night; he was much excited.

"What was it she did to you?" he asked.

I answered him first with another question. "Have you quarrelled with the Countess?"

But he only repeated his own. "What was it she did to you?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you." And he sat there beside the candle, staring at me. "There was a man always there—Count Camerino."

"The man she married?"

"The man she married. I was very much in love with her, and yet I didn't trust her. I was sure that she lied; I believed she could be cruel. Nevertheless, at moments, she had a charm which made it pure pedantry to be conscious of her faults; and while these moments lasted I would have done anything for her. Unfortunately, they didn't last long. But you know what I mean; am I not describing the Scarabelli?"

"The Countess Scarabelli never lied!" cried Stanmer.

"That's just what I would have said to any one who should have made the insinuation! But I suppose you are not asking me the question you put to me just now from dispassionate curiosity."

"A man may want to know!" said the innocent fellow.

I couldn't help laughing out. "This, at any rate, is my story. Camerino was always there; he was a sort of fixture in the house. If I had moments of dislike for the divine Bianca, I had no moments of liking for him. And yet he was a very agreeable fellow, very civil, very intelligent, not in the least disposed to make a quarrel with me. The trouble of course was simply that I was jealous of him. I don't know, however, on what ground

I could have quarrelled with him, for I had no definite rights. I can't say what I expected—I can't say what, as the matter stood, I was prepared to do. With my name and my prospects, I might perfectly have offered her my hand. I am not sure that she would have accepted it—I am by no means clear that she wanted that. But she wanted, wanted keenly, to attach me to her; she wanted to have me about. I should have been capable of giving up everything—England, my career, my family—simply to devote myself to her, to live near her and see her every day."

"Why didn't you do it, then?" asked Stanmer.

"Why don't you?"

"To be a proper rejoinder to my question," he said, rather neatly, "yours should be asked twenty-five years hence."

"It remains perfectly true that at a given moment I was capable of doing as I say. That was what she wanted—a rich, susceptible, credulous, convenient young Englishman, established near her *en permanence*. And yet," I added, "I must do her complete justice. I honestly believe she was fond of me." At this Stanmer got up and walked to the window; he stood looking out a moment, and then he turned round. "You know she was older than I," I went on. "Madame Scarabelli is older than you. One day, in the garden, her mother asked me in an angry tone why I disliked Camerino; for I had been at no pains to conceal my feeling about him, and something had just happened to bring it out. 'I dislike him,' I said, 'because you like him so much.' 'I assure you I don't like him,' she answered. 'He has all the appearance of being your lover,' I retorted. It was a brutal speech, certainly, but any other man in my place would have made it. She took it very strangely; she turned pale, but she was not indignant. 'How can he be my lover after what he has done?' she asked. 'What has he done?' She hesitated a good while,

then she said: 'He killed my husband.' 'Good heavens!' I cried, 'and you receive him?' Do you know what she said? She said '*Che vuole?*'"

"Is that all?" asked Stanmer.

"No; she went on to say that Camerino had killed Count Salvi in a duel, and she admitted that her husband's jealousy had been the occasion of it. The Count, it appeared, was a monster of jealousy—he had led her a dreadful life. He himself, meanwhile, had been anything but irreproachable; he had done a mortal injury to a man of whom he pretended to be a friend, and this affair had become notorious. The gentleman in question had demanded satisfaction for his outraged honour; but for some reason or other (the Countess, to do her justice, did not tell me that her husband was a coward) he had not as yet obtained it. The duel with Camerino had come on first; in an access of jealous fury the Count had struck Camerino in the face; and this outrage, I know not how justly, was deemed expiable before the other. By an extraordinary arrangement (the Italians have certainly no sense of fair play), the other man was allowed to be Camerino's second. The duel was fought with swords, and the Count received a wound of which, though at first it was not expected to be fatal, he died on the following day. The matter was hushed up as much as possible for the sake of the Countess's good name, and so successfully that it was presently observed that, among the public, the other gentleman had the credit of having put his sword through M. de Salvi. This gentleman took a fancy not to contradict the impression, and it was allowed to subsist. So long as he consented, it was of course in Camerino's interest not to contradict it, as it left him much more free to keep up his intimacy with the Countess."

Stanmer had listened to all this with extreme attention. "Why didn't *she* contradict it?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I am bound to believe it was for the same

reason. I was horrified, at any rate, by the whole story. I was extremely shocked at the Countess's want of dignity in continuing to see the man by whose hand her husband had fallen."

"The husband had been a great brute, and it was not known," said Stanmer.

"Its not being known made no difference. And as for Salvi having been a brute, that is but a way of saying that his wife, and the man whom his wife subsequently married, didn't like him."

Stanmer looked extremely meditative; his eyes were fixed on mine. "Yes, that marriage is hard to get over. It was not becoming."

"Ah," said I, "what a long breath I drew when I heard of it! I remember the place and the hour. It was at a hill-station in India, seven years after I had left Florence. The post brought me some English papers, and in one of them was a letter from Italy, with a lot of so-called 'fashionable intelligence.' There, among various scandals in high life, and other delectable items, I read that the Countess Bianca Salvi, famous for some years as the presiding genius of the most agreeable *salon* in Florence, was about to bestow her hand upon Count Camerino, a distinguished Bolognese. Ah, my dear boy, it was a tremendous escape! I had been ready to marry the woman who was capable of that! But my instinct had warned me, and I had trusted my instinct."

"'Instinct's everything,' as Falstaff says!" and Stanmer began to laugh. "Did you tell Madame de Salvi that your instinct was against her?"

"No; I told her that she frightened me, shocked me, horrified me."

"That's about the same thing. And what did she say?"

"She asked me what I would have? I called her friendship with Camerino a scandal, and she answered that her husband had been a brute. Besides, no one knew it; therefore it was no scandal. Just *your* argument! I

retorted that this was odious reasoning, and that she had no moral sense. We had a passionate quarrel, and I declared I would never see her again. In the heat of my displeasure I left Florence, and I kept my vow. I never saw her again."

"You couldn't have been much in love with her," said Stanmer.

"I was not—three months after."

"If you had been you would have come back—three days after."

"So doubtless it seems to you. All I can say is that it was the great effort of my life. Being a military man I have had on various occasions to face the enemy. But it was not then I needed my resolution; it was when I left Florence in a postchaise."

Stanmer turned about the room two or three times, and then he said: "I don't understand! I don't understand why she should have told you that Camerino had killed her husband. It could only damage her."

"She was afraid it would damage her more than I should think he was her lover. She wished to say the thing that would most effectually persuade me that he was not her lover—that he could never be. And then she wished to get the credit of being very frank."

"Good heavens, how you must have analysed her!" cried my companion, staring.

"There is nothing so analytic as disillusionment. But there it is. She married Camerino."

"Yes, I don't like that," said Stanmer. He was silent a while, and then he added—"Perhaps she wouldn't have done so if you had remained."

He has a little innocent way! "Very likely she would have dispensed with the ceremony," I answered, dryly.

"Upon my word," he said, "you have analysed her!"

"You ought to be grateful to me. I have done for you what you seem unable to do for yourself."

"I don't see any Camerino in my case," he said.

"Perhaps among those gentlemen I can find one for you."

"Thank you," he cried; "I'll take care of that myself!" And he went away—satisfied, I hope.

10th.—He's an obstinate little wretch; it irritates me to see him sticking to it. Perhaps he is looking for his Camerino. I shall leave him at any rate to his fate; it is growing insupportably hot.

11th.—I went this evening to bid farewell to the Scarabelli. There was no one there; she was alone in her great dusky drawing-room, which was lighted only by a couple of candles, with the immense windows open over the garden. She was dressed in white; she was deucedly pretty. She asked me of course why I had been so long without coming.

"I think you say that only for form," I answered. "I imagine you know."

"*Che!* what have I done?"

"Nothing at all. You are too wise for that."

She looked at me a while. "I think you are a little crazy."

"Ah no, I am only too sane. I have too much reason rather than too little."

"You have at any rate what we call a fixed idea."

"There is no harm in that so long as it's a good one."

"But yours is abominable," she declared, with a laugh.

"Of course you can't like me or my ideas. All things considered, you have treated me with wonderful kindness, and I thank you and kiss your hands. I leave Florence to-morrow."

"I won't say I'm sorry!" she said, laughing again. "But I am very glad to have seen you. I always wondered about you. You are a curiosity."

"Yes, you must find me so. A man who can resist your charms! The fact is, I can't. This evening you are enchanting; and it is the first time I have been alone with you."

She gave no heed to this; she turned away. But in a moment she came

back, and stood looking at me, and her beautiful solemn eyes seemed to shine in the dimness of the room.

"How could you treat my mother so?" she asked.

"Treat her so!"

"How could you desert the most charming woman in the world?"

"It was not a case of desertion; and if it had been, it seems to me she was consoled."

At this moment there was the sound of a step in the ante-chamber, and I saw that the Countess perceived it to be Stanner's.

"That wouldn't have happened," she murmured. "My poor mother needed a protector."

Stanner came in, interrupting our talk, and looking at me, I thought, with a little air of bravado. He must think me, indeed, a tiresome meddlesome bore; and upon my word, turning it all over, I wonder at his docility. After all, he's five-and-twenty—and yet, I must add, it does irritate me—the way he sticks! He was followed in a moment by two or three of the regular Italians, and I made my visit short.

"Good-bye, Countess," I said; and she gave me her hand in silence. "Do you need a protector?" I added, softly.

She looked at me from head to foot, and then, almost angrily—

"Yes, Signore."

But, to deprecate her anger, I kept her hand an instant, and then bent my venerable head and kissed it. I think I appeased her.

BOLOGNA, 14th.—I left Florence on the 11th, and have been here these three days. Delightful old Italian town—but it lacks the charm of my Florentine secret.

I wrote that last entry five days ago, late at night, after coming back from Casa Salvi. I afterwards fell asleep in my chair; the night was half over when I woke up. Instead of going to bed, I stood a long time at the window, looking out at the river. It was a warm, still night, and the first faint

streaks of sunrise were in the sky. Presently I heard a slow footstep beneath my window, and, looking down, made out, by the aid of a street-lamp, that Stanmer was but just coming home. I called to him to come to my rooms, and, after an interval, he made his appearance.

"I want to bid you good-bye," I said; "I shall depart in the morning. Don't go to the trouble of saying you're sorry. Of course you are not; I must have bullied you immensely."

He made no attempt to say he was sorry, but he said he was very glad to have made my acquaintance.

"Your conversation," he said, with his little innocent air, "has been very suggestive."

"Have you found Camerino?" I asked, smiling.

"I have given up the search."

"Well," I said, "some day when you find that you have made a great mistake, remember I told you so."

He looked for a minute as if he were trying to anticipate that day by the exercise of his reason.

"Has it ever occurred to you that you may have made a great mistake?"

"Oh yes; everything occurs to one sooner or later."

That's what I said to him; but I didn't say that the question, pointed by his candid young countenance, had, for the moment, a greater force than it ever had before.

And then he asked me whether, as things had turned out, I myself had been so especially happy.

- PARIS, December 17th.—A note from young Stanmer, whom I saw in Florence—a remarkable little note, dated Rome, and worth transcribing:—

"My Dear General,—I have it at heart to tell you that I was married a week ago to the Countess Salvi-Scarabelli. You talked me into a great muddle; but a month after that it was all very clear. Things that involve a risk are like the Christian faith; they must be seen from the inside.—Yours ever, E.S.

"P.S.—*A fig for analogies—unless you can find an analogy for my happiness!*"

His happiness makes him very clever. I hope it will last!—I mean his cleverness, not his happiness.

LONDON, April 19th, 1877.—Last night, at Lady H——'s, I met Edmund Stanmer, who married Bianca Salvi's daughter. I heard the other day that they had come to England. A handsome young fellow, with a fresh, contented face. He reminded me of Florence, which I didn't pretend to forget; but it was rather awkward, for I remember I used to disparage that woman to him. I had a complete theory about her. But he didn't seem at all stiff; on the contrary, he appeared to enjoy our encounter. I asked him if his wife was there. I had to do that.

"Oh, yes, she's in one of the other rooms. Come and make her acquaintance; I want you to know her."

"You forget that I do know her."

"Oh, no, you don't; you never did." And he gave a little significant laugh.

I didn't feel like facing the *ci-devant* Scarabelli at that moment; so I said that I was leaving the house, but that I would do myself the honour of calling upon his wife. We talked for a minute of something else, and then, suddenly, breaking off and looking at me, he laid his hand on my arm. I must do him the justice to say that he looks felicitous.

"Depend upon it, you were wrong!" he said.

"My dear young friend," I answered, "imagine the alacrity with which I concede it."

Something else again was spoken of, but in an instant he repeated his movement.

"Depend upon it, you were wrong."

"I am sure the Countess has forgiven me," I said, "and in that case you ought to bear no grudge. As I have had the honour to say, I will call upon her immediately."

"I was not alluding to my wife,"

he answered. "I was thinking of your own story."

"My own story?"

"So many years ago. Was it not rather a mistake?"

I looked at him a moment; he's positively rosy.

"That's not a question to solve in a London crush."

And I turned away.

22nd.—I haven't yet called on the *ci-devant*. I'm afraid of finding her at home. And that boy's words have been thrumming in my ears—"Depend upon it you were wrong. Wasn't

it rather a mistake?" *Was I wrong*—*was it a mistake?* Was I too cautious—too suspicious—too logical? Was it really a protector she needed—a man who might have helped her? Would it have been for his benefit to believe in her, and was her fault only that I had forsaken her? Was the poor woman very unhappy? God forgive me, how the questions come crowding in! If I marred her happiness, I certainly didn't make my own. And I might have made it—eh? That's a charming discovery for a man of my age!

HENRY JAMES, JR.

THE MIRABEAUS.¹

ANOTHER book out of the apparently inexhaustible stores of French memoirs and materials for history lies before us, and one of the best that has appeared for a good while. The anonymous preface which precedes the work—the author himself having been recently snatched away by an untimely death— informs us that it was the result of twenty years research and study on the part of the lamented M. de Loménie. It is not always that such protracted effort is rewarded by corresponding excellence in the result. Not only has a writer often time to spoil good work in such long elaboration, but such tardiness is apt to imply a certain want of grasp and vigour of mind, a disposition to dwell on trifles, an industry wasted in small things which are by nature incompatible with the higher achievements of authorship. Such an inference would be most erroneous in the present case. M. de Loménie's work is not more distinguished by pains-taking industry and accuracy, than by the attractive gifts and graces which go to form a really able writer. In the biographical portion of his work M. de Loménie shows himself a master of narrative, telling his story not only with spirit and effect, but with much insight into character and fine moral discrimination. In the speculative portion he discusses economical and political questions with insight and real weight; while all through the book is diffused an impression of candour, a warm zeal for truth, a conscientious and sober spirit which shrinks from one-sided statements and hasty conclusions. It is impossible in reading the book not to feel a confidence in,

and regard for, the writer. When he delivers a judgment, we may feel satisfied that he has good reasons to support it, and the calm and measured tone in which his opinions are expressed renders them all the more acceptable to thoughtful readers. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this wise moderation is purchased at any cost of animation and directness of remark. M. de Loménie is far removed from *viewiness*. His chaste and well-bred style is such as one might expect (though one does not always get it) from a member of the French Academy. The book is a credit to the author and his country; and its exceptional merit increases the regret that its assured fame will never gladden the heart of the sincere student who toiled over it so long.

The two volumes now published are only a portion of the work planned by M. de Loménie. We are promised two more volumes which will be devoted exclusively to the life of Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau, the famous orator and leader of the popular party at the commencement of the Revolution. The volumes now before us deal with his ancestors and family generally—with the “Riquetti kindred” about whom Mr. Carlyle discoursed with such humoristic force and gusto more than forty years ago. Mr. Carlyle's striking article was avowedly founded on the Memoirs published by M. Lucas de Montigny, the well-known “*fils adoptif*.” One of the objects of M. de Loménie's book is to supplement and correct the numerous deficiencies and even inaccuracies of those Memoirs, into which the filial zeal of their author had perhaps excusably led him. For instance the high antiquity and nobility of the Mirabeau family, on which so much stress has been laid, turn out

¹ “*Les Mirabeau. Nouvelles Études sur la Société Française au 18^e Siècle.*” Par Louis de Loménie. Paris: Dentu.

to be an illusion assisted by no little fabrication. The great demagogue of the Revolution was not only proud of his pedigree, but careless of truth when he spoke of its purity and distinction. "There has never been but one *més-alliance* in our family, and that was with the Medicis." This stalwart piece of boasting the orator ascribes to his father; but there is reason to suppose it is all his own. The fact really is that the Mirabeaus emerge visibly in history for the first time with any clearness only towards the end of the sixteenth century, and then not as ancient nobles but as merchants of Marseilles. The pretended Italian extraction also of the Riquettis, originally Arrighetti of Florence, "cast out of it in some Guelph-Ghibelline quarrel such as were common then and there in the year 1267" (Carlyle), is now as good as proven to be a not very creditable myth, constructed by the Mirabeaus and their pedigree-makers in the seventeenth century. The very name of Riquetti is comparatively modern. As late as the year 1570, when they bought the castle and estate of Mirabeau, they figure in official documents as *Riquet*, a name of vulgar prevalence in Provence, and a familiar diminutive of Henry. The question is unimportant enough. Such a remarkable family as the Mirabeaus can easily dispense with the adventitious ornament of exalted lineage, even if it were genuine, as in this case it is not. But M. de Loménie was quite justified in devoting so much time and trouble to the destruction of a baseless legend, which has given occasion to much weak moralizing on the ancestry of great men.

In these volumes we have portraits more or less complete of six persons, either Mirabeaus or connected with the Mirabeaus by marriage, four men and two women:—(1) Jean Antoine, the famous *col d'argent*, his three sons; (2) the Marquis of Mirabeau, the Friend of Man; (3) the Bailli; (4) Louis Alexander; (5) Françoise

de Castellane, the mother of the Marquis; (6) Marie-Geneviève de Vassan, mother of the Orator, all in their way noteworthy people, and two at least of striking originality. In the ample materials at his command (he had the whole of the rich collection of Mirabeau papers in the possession of the late M. Lucas de Montigny confided to him), M. de Loménie has found abundant means to give us a gallery of full length portraits evidently life-like and veracious. In such degree and form as our space allows, we shall attempt to reproduce an outline of some of these family pictures.

It seems to be generally assumed that the interest attaching to the Mirabeau family is derived from the famous tribune, who terminated his short and rather scandalous career in a dazzling blaze of glory and public lamentation in 1791. In him the "wild blood" of the Riquettis is supposed to have culminated in a final explosion of originality and genius. He is emphatically *the* Mirabeau. His ancestors collateral and direct are only interesting as they lead up to him. Unless I am much mistaken, this current opinion will be considerably reversed by these volumes. The world is doubtless already prepared to concede a high place to the old Marquis, the "crabbed friend of Man," whose "nodosity" and "unwedgeableness" have been sung by Mr. Carlyle in characteristic fashion. But his brother the Bailli, and his father Jean Antoine, are even more striking and fascinating figures, with a fund of modified force and self-contained nobility of nature, to which the more popular and famous members of the family can lay no pretension. M. de Loménie is clearly right in claiming for the Bailli the pre-eminence over all his kindred, as "the finest moral product that ever came out of that impetuous race." A finer nature than that of the Bailli's, lofty, disinterested, strong and simple, yet full of native flavour, would not easily

be found in biography; a really good man who only lacked opportunity to be a great one, as we shall show presently. But his and the Marquis's father, Jean Antoine, is hardly inferior, though in a somewhat different order of gifts. Mr. Carlyle with his quick eye for character has already marked him: "Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought for." He has hitherto been known by a Life of him, supposed to be written by his famous grandson, the orator, which M. de Loménié now discovers to be a diluted and emasculated transcript of a much fuller and richer original by his son, the Marquis. Those who prefer the picturesque and nervous prose of the elder Mirabeau to the smooth and clear but comparatively tame style of his son, will regret that M. de Loménié has not seen fit to publish this interesting piece *in extenso*.

As regards the subject of the *Mémoir*, the famous *Silverstock* himself, it is difficult to feel that he is quite an historical character. There is a suspicious flavour of legend in the accounts we have of him. He is killed, or as good as killed, at the battle of Cassano; he receives twenty-seven wounds in one hour; he has his jugular vein cut in two, and yet he gets quite well again. He treats everybody, from the king downwards, with a rough independence of speech which, under Louis XIV., is a moral phenomenon nearly as marvellous as his surviving mortal wounds is a physical one. It now appears that his biographer, the Marquis, knew little of his father personally, that he left home as a child, and only returned to it twice on short visits; and that his narrative was chiefly founded on the reports and anecdotes current in the army and the provincial society in which his father had moved. Still there is such dramatic propriety about the character, though odd and eccentric it is so conceivable and life-like, that we cannot doubt that there was a large basis of fact on which the narrative rested. It is a pity that we

have not more authentic records of such a fearless, upright, noble-hearted man, who in many ways presents a finer type of character than any of the Mirabeaus, his son the Bailli alone excepted. All his high-handed ways and choleric speeches, for instance, appear of little moment compared to his magnanimous conduct on the collapse of Law's Mississippi Scheme. An *ordonnance* of monstrous iniquity had been issued, making the worthless paper of the bankrupt scheme legal tender for the payment of debts. The brave *Silverstock* sternly refused to avail himself of such a means of saving the large sum of a hundred thousand crowns which his brother-in-law had invested for him without his authority in Mississippi stock. He would not part with his now valueless coupons. "Somebody at last," he said, "will have to pay in hard cash, and I should be the original cause of his loss." He was getting old, he had a rising family, and it was all his savings which thus disappeared. M. de Loménié is disposed to doubt, as it seems to us with good reason, the rude and ungracious speech he is said to have made to Louis XIV. when introduced by the Duc de Vendôme with words of strong eulogy on his services. "Yes, Sire," replied Mirabeau, according to the story, "and if, leaving active service, I had come up to court and bribed some *catin*, I might have had my promotion and fewer wounds to-day." "I ought to have known you better," said Vendôme afterwards. "For the future I will present you to the enemy, and never to the King." M. de Loménié questions this anecdote on the ground that the Marquis says that his father always had a great veneration for Louis XIV., and that such a speech does not seem compatible even with common respect, which is very true. But we think that a stronger argument against its authenticity may be found in the fact that the reign of *catisins* at Versailles had long been over when *Silverstock* Mirabeau was presented there covered with wounds. It was over before

he entered the army in 1684. Under the semi-monastic rule of the austere Maintenon and the converted Louis, such expressions would not only have been insolent, but absurdly out of place. There is less reason to doubt the characteristic story of his behaviour to one of Louvois's army-inspectors, who insisted on reporting him *absent* from a review, when he was only a little late on the ground. The major of the regiment urged extenuating circumstances for his junior, but the inspector was inflexible. "Monsieur," said Mirabeau, "I am then truly absent in your opinion?" "Yes, Monsieur." "In that case, this no doubt passes in my absence;" and immediately rains a shower of cuts with his riding-whip on the inspector, leaving him in some difficulty of reconciling fact and theory.

M. de Loménie quotes several details from the Marquis's account of his father, which are omitted in the weaker version made by his son the orator. This rather touching narrative of the last days of the old soldier is omitted by his grandson :—

"My furlough," says the marquis, "was on the point of expiring, and though I could have obtained further leave, he insisted on my departure, and I was thus prevented from doing my duty by him up to the last. But I did not think he was nearly so ill as he was. He soon began to refuse nourishment, and replied always to all entreaties to that effect :—'All my life long, when I have said No, it has meant no.' In other respects his latter end was passed in great calm and serenity, chatting and even laughing with his confessor, a devout and gentle priest, whom he loved much."

Referring to an early stage of his decline, the Marquis says :—

"A certain select company assembled pretty regularly in his house to pass the evenings with him, and these parties were really a high school of honour, eloquence, dignity, and historical reminiscences. He was not gifted with the happy genius that excels in calling forth the qualities of others, which is as precious as it is rare. His taste would have inclined to a noble and well-seasoned humour, but as that sort of wit easily becomes bitter, an excess to which his family was prone, his principles kept him from it. For the rest, his health

was latterly so precarious that he could not trust himself in a facetious vein, and he preferred discourse which was grave and noble, in which no grace of diction or warmth of eloquence was wanting. Moreover, excepting his sight, which was so diminished that he could scarce find his way about, although no defect appeared in his eyes, he lived up to the end complete in all his faculties; his visage was not changed; his apparel which on another would have seemed common, was sumptuous on him. No man ever had a finer presence, or affected it less. He was so nice in the matter of cleanliness, that even in the country and alone on coming in from a walk he always changed his wig before entering the apartment. Why attempt to paint a man, except with the object of giving a life-like picture? The smallest traits are important in a fine subject."

It is like passing from the twilight of legend to the broad daylight of historical fact, to turn from Mirabeau of the silver collar to the Bailli, his second son. From the abundant letters of his which are still preserved (something like two thousand in number, out of which M. de Loménie makes copious extracts) it is possible to obtain a direct glimpse of a truly human face, as comely and tender as it is strong and honest. The Bailli had talents and knowledge, especially the great talent of ruling men and winning their love at the same time, and extraordinary knowledge, considering the hard and roving sea-life he led during his best years. But his distinction lies in the union of these masculine qualities with a more than womanly sweetness and gentleness of nature, a lofty probity which seems never to give a thought to self-interest, and a delicacy of moral sense quite admirable. M. de Loménie compares him to Molière's *Misanthrope*, and says he was an Alceste of real life, which seems to us to be hardly doing him justice. He was a chivalrous, heroic, modest man, of sterling worth and warmest affections, free from greedy appetite of every kind, free of vanity, of ambition (a little too free of the last), and regardless of everything but his duty and his own austere sense of rectitude. He was besides a most voluminous writer, though he published nothing. M. de Loménie

fills more than half a page with the mere titles of the memoirs and observations which he addressed to official persons on all kinds of subjects relating to public affairs, especially those which concerned his own branch of them, the naval service. More characteristic still is his private correspondence with his brother, the Marquis, who shares with him the honour, that it reflects on both.

"Among the four thousand letters they exchanged," says M. de Loménie, "there are hardly ten in which, in spite very often of the most urgent personal matters, we do not meet with long discussions of general questions fitted to interest superior minds. Every moment the two correspondents drop their private affairs, to enlarge on religion, politics, the government, the finances, history, the problem of Good and Evil, progress, liberty, aristocracy, democracy, the state of society, the dangers which threaten it, the reforms which might save it, the question whether it can be saved, the future in store. Then dissertations, often warm and eloquent, frequently fill ten or twelve folio pages."—Vol. i. p. 188.

M. de Loménie remarks, and his quotations abundantly prove the assertion, that the Bailli had, equally with his brother, the odd, picturesque, yet powerful style which excited Mr. Carlyle's admiration; but he thinks that the Bailli, who never wrote with a view to publication, has the advantage—he is less stilted and pedantic. In any case it must be confessed that we have here a very interesting and rare type of man, a man whose width of culture even a Goethe might envy. First, the hard training of a sea life, then the governorship of Guadaloupe, later the command of the Coast Guard during the Seven-years' War; and through all this active career, a literary taste which had familiarised him with the best French and Latin authors, and a speculative turn which leads him to discuss, and shows him to have had settled and well-grounded opinions on all sorts of topics—political, financial, historical—often not at all connected with his profession. Here was a man leading a life similar to that of our

Hawkes and Boscowens, and possibly as a professional sea-king he was not their equal, though even this is by no means certain, as he was never intrusted with the command of a great fleet in which he might have shown his capacity as an admiral; but for culture and humanity, they cannot suffer a comparison with him. A man of highest courtesy and noblest presence, a scholar and a gentleman in the fullest sense of the words, and a brave mariner of the true sea-breed withal, the Bailli Mirabeau is a fine specimen of the rich endowment of that old French race which has done so much to mar, but far more to make, our modern civilisation.

The Bailli's career as a sea captain was laborious, but not distinguished. The fault was none of his. We know what interest was capable of in the old times in the way of bringing a man forward, and of giving him a chance of showing his quality, even in the English navy. And the English navy was justice itself compared to the French, in all matters of promotion and readiness to give "the tools to him who could handle them." The brave Bailli never was entrusted with more than with the command of sorry little frigates; poor peddling work, such as made Nelson stamp and rage in the early days of his career. Very interesting is it to see him out of health and without a ship, promptly volunteering to take part in the expedition against Minorca, or to post off to Toulon, eager for service in any form, but only to be refused after all. By dint of importunity, however, he succeeded at the last moment in getting a post, as second in command, on board the *Orpheus*, a ship of sixty-four guns. It was one of the vessels most hotly engaged in the battle of Port Mahon, and a letter of the Bailli to his brother, the Marquis, is of especial interest to us, not only as giving a good picture of a zealous officer, but as showing that in the candid opinion of a perfectly impartial and competent witness, the unfortunate Admiral Byng was not quite up to the mark of sea valour,

and that the indignation against him in England was not wholly unjustified :—

"ON BOARD THE 'ORPHEUS',
"May 21, 1756.

"We had yesterday, dear brother, an engagement of two hours and a half duration, which would have lasted longer if it had pleased the English. Thanks to the Lord, I have come out of it safe and sound. I am the more thankful, inasmuch as during half an hour there was a prodigious storm of grape and cannister. All the officers have escaped like myself, but the men have suffered a good deal. The enemy has suffered even more. They had the advantage of the wind, and it only lay with the English to make it much hotter for us, as our admiral gave them every encouragement. Our vanguard, to which this ship belongs, was the most engaged. But it may with truth be said that the English have very feebly supported before our men-of-war the pride and insolence they have shown before our merchantmen. On the whole it was an even game, and as they had the wind they could have made the affair more serious. I say even, as they had only one line of battle-ship more than ourselves."—Vol. i. p. 225.

The old salt comes out in full flavour in this letter. The good Bailli, for all his culture, takes his profession in all seriousness, and is no wise inclined to mince matters with the English. He detests them most cordially, and although he does not reciprocate the crudity of Nelson's maxim, that one "should hate a Frenchman as one does the devil," he quietly says, "I have accustomed myself to regard the English as the enemies of the human race, and especially of France." Yet he has a sort of grudging admiration for us in some respects, and especially approves the constitution of our Admiralty, in which old sailors who knew their business directed naval matters. He was for a short time prisoner in England, in 1747, but was not so much impressed as, with his aristocratic tastes, might have been expected. The nobles, he thinks, are too much dependent on the common people. Military virtue is not sufficiently esteemed, and money too much so, and he shrewdly opines, as early as 1754, that the American colonies will be lost to the mother country in a few years, which was seeing a good twenty years ahead.

But it is during his government of Guadalupe that the higher nature of the man comes out in its full lustre, his firmness, justice and mercy, his tenderness for others, his severity to himself, his almost Quixotic scorn for gain and even legitimate self-interest. The vice and corruption of colonial society, poisoned as it was by the deadly sin of negro slavery, offered an ample but not a pleasant field for the display of the Bailli's austere virtue. Like all worthy to command, he receives the responsibility of ruling men with inward anxiety and humble heart-searching. When he made his official entry into the island, and a great crowd assembled to see and scrutinise the Governor, and escort him to the church, where the Apostolic Prefect harangued him on his duties, he was dismayed. "My prayer to God was to preserve me from injustice, and to give me the firmness to repress it. I prayed fervently, and hope I was heard." In another letter he says :— "I am becoming devout, which must seem to you an odd notion. But do not understand the word in its ordinary sense. I have no taste nor talent for mysticism more than usual, but I feel I never prayed to God with fervour before. I do so out of fear of doing harm, and that fear is so strong that I hope sincerely to be preserved from it."

The first thing that strikes and shocks him is the frightful moral degradation of the white population, arising from the influence of slavery. Labour being held in contempt as a badge of servitude, the vilest white man thinks more of himself than a peer of France. Idleness and debauchery fill up the time of the colonists. "To make sugar, to flog niggers, to beget bastards, and to get drunk—these are the occupations of the creoles." Their depravity was such that it blinded them to their own interest, and even French ships refused to come to the island on account of the robbery and bad faith of the inhabitants. Murder was of

daily occurrence, and a black man's life was valued no higher than a dog's. Here was an opportunity for a supreme ruler to show his mettle. And the Bailli seems to have laid about him with a zeal and sternness which would rejoice Mr. Carlyle. "The rogues, and there are plenty here," he says, "tremble, and honest folks rejoice; the poor know that justice will be done them without distinction of persons. The door of their governor, they say, is open to them at all hours, and all the colony is aware that not one of my servants would dare to prevent the least and poorest negro from coming to me and telling his story."

It was an addition to the Governor's difficulties that he was known to be poor, and that his salary was small. He consequently could keep little or no state, and could not contribute to the festivities of the place. But he would receive no presents, and refused not only all illicit gain, but such perquisites as were considered quite honourable. "No monk of La Trappe ever led a harder life than I do. Dispensing justice from morning to night, writing, signing, working,—such is my existence." He says he knows he will be considered a fool for his pains, and owns that *that* hurts his vanity a little, but reflexion will help him to bear it.

Slavery he emphatically condemns, not only on the ground of humanity, about which of course there is no question, but as economically injurious. Thirty-five thousand whites do not produce in fertile Guadaloupe what two thousand would do without slavery. He adds, with prophetic regret, that he deplores the introduction of negroes into Louisiana, and anticipates no good result from the measure. In fact, though the question of emancipation of the slaves never seems to have occurred to him, he has all the sentiments of a thoroughgoing abolitionist, including the customary overestimate of the qualities of the negro. "I look upon those people as in every respect like ourselves, excepting in

colour. And I even doubt whether slavery does not make us worse than they are." The justice of the last remark cannot be denied. Legree is many degrees inferior to Uncle Tom, but the brain of the white man is superior to that of the negro nevertheless.

It might be supposed that the Bailli had enough on his hands in restraining his white subjects from robbery and murder, and protecting the black population from too gross ill-treatment. But he manages to find time for reading all kinds of books, which he is always beseeching his brother to supply him with, and also to plan a complete code of colonial law, illustrated with notes of his own. He reckons that in six years' time, if health and sight endure, he will know more about the naval policy of France than any one who has yet directed it. This was, however, looking a little too far ahead. For the good Bailli had crotchetts which made a man ill-fitted for official life in those days. One of his crotchetts was not to suffer dishonesty in any one if he could help it, not even in a superior. As might be supposed, the rogues whom he had made to tremble were not without friends in the world, and before long he began to receive hints from his brother that in influential circles at Versailles it was considered that he had "too much zeal." Too much zeal here being interpreted meant too great antipathy to rogues. It was taken especially ill at head-quarters that he showed no disposition to be on civil terms with a nameless official of high rank, to whom he was partly subordinate, and who wished much to enjoy his (the Bailli's) friendship. The latter replies that he strongly suspects the nameless official of being a rogue; he has yet no proof positive of misconduct, but if he ever meets with any, he declares he will unmask it. The Marquis, for all his "nodosity," feels that one must not quarrel with one's bread-and-butter at this rate, and sends off an appealing letter to

implore his brother to be a little more reasonable, a little more politic. "I beseech, you, dear brother, grease your axles a little, or we shall certainly be upset. In God's name don't be so fierce; you will always have *morgue* enough not to be a time-server." This is quite enough, as M. de Loménie says, to kindle Alceste into a white heat of scornful indignation. "Do I want to be told that ministers can ruin a man whatever his merit? I do not think so much of my abilities as they do, perhaps, and regard the loss of my fortune and promotion as the easiest thing in the world, and indifferent to the state; but luckily it is indifferent to me also, and I shall return to the position of younger son in Provence without the slightest repining, rather than submit to anything which would cause me inward humiliation." And he was as good as his word; he made a determined enemy of the peculator, as he afterwards proved, and found advancement in the service barred by his influence.

"The frank true love of these two brothers is the fairest feature in Mirabeaudom," says Mr. Carlyle, and he had very imperfect materials on which to found this correct judgment, compared with what we have now. Through fifty years of most varied fortunes, through acute differences of opinion, and family quarrels of the most violent nature, these two brothers with their hot tempers and sharp tongues remained linked to each other by a passionate affection which knows no break, coldness, or distrust. They may disagree, they may disapprove each other's conduct, and then each stands to his guns with a valour becoming the sons of old *col d'argent*. But never a trace of bitterness, alienation, or offence, can be spied. Soft, hushed, loving words conclude every remonstrance, every altercation. With a sob of affection, they fall on each other's breasts with peaceful confidence that their love can never fail. Truly, a love passing the love of woman, and between two such stalwart

self-reliant men, very beautiful and touching. They had found indeed the true secret of lasting affection, in complete and utter unselfishness in all their mutual dealings, or rather in the settled practice of each, to think of the other always in preference to himself. The affectionate *tutoiement* cannot be rendered, but even in the cold second person plural, some of their warmth will no doubt appear. "If I had not been your brother," says the Bailli, "and had only known you by chance, I should have been your friend. I have more confidence in you than in myself, which is not to say that I am always of your opinion." "I declare to you," says the Marquis, "as solemnly as if on the point of death, that since a certain day, somewhat distant now, for then I was stronger than you" (the Bailli was much the larger and more powerful man), "when I gave you a good thrashing, not without some good cuffs in return, from that day and all others ever since, I have never had a matter of which I have concealed from you the smallest particle." And to such words the deeds correspond. Questions of money, the most vulgar and common source of quarrel between relatives, between this singular pair give constant occasion for mutual self-sacrifice and endearment. The Bailli never would allow his elder brother to pay him his *légitime*, or portion of 50,000 francs, to which he was entitled under his father's will; it would be a wrong to the family, he says. The younger brother, who certainly has the advantage in this contest of generosity and self-abnegation, pushes his deference to his senior to a degree which would be affected and suspicious in a man of less transparent candour and sincerity. He leaves it entirely to the Marquis to decide whether he shall get married or not. "If you judge that it is for the good of the family that I should leave offspring, you will know what to do in reference to a certain young lady." But the good Bailli, it must be confessed, had one fault with all his

virtues; he was a confirmed misogynist. So perhaps if his elder forbade marriage, he was in no great danger of sacrificing a tender passion on the altar of fraternal devotion. But then it seems he would readily have got married if his brother had wished it. It is no use in fact trying to find spots in the purity of his disinterestedness. After he had commanded ships, and had been Governor of a West Indian Island, on his return to France he writes to his brother like a lad in his teens : "If you consider that I ought to come to Paris, let me know, and supply me with enough to live upon. If you think it best, I am ready to stay here at Brest, and to live very quietly as regards expense." The Marquis cannot bear this, and replies : "As regards what you say about staying down there, tears came to my eyes in thinking of the greatness, simplicity, and goodness of your heart. When you seriously propose to go and hide yourself in a hole in Britanny, I should be sorry not to put on record that I owe you 15,000 livres. You must come here as soon as you can, and I only wait for you to clear myself out, and you will find all you need."

Among other things, the younger Mirabeau was a Knight of Malta, where he rose to the grade of Bailli, the title by which he is generally known. The Order of the Knights of Malta, degenerate successors of the Knights of Rhodes, and of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, had become in the eighteenth century a ridiculous and somewhat scandalous anachronism. Recruited among the younger sons of nobles' families in all Europe, it had decayed into a collection of extravagant and licentious revellers, who joined it partly from vanity, but more still in expectation of obtaining one or more of the rich benefices, priories, commanderies, &c., which the Order had to give. It was not a company to suit the grave and thoughtful Bailli, and for twenty-four years he never went near the place,

having seen enough of it and its ways in his youth. He liked hard useful work, and was never anxious about the pay it might bring him. But his brother who has him in charge with his own consent, as we have seen, has resolved that this Knighthood of Malta shall produce something of tangible value to the family ; that the Bailli by taking the proper steps shall obtain a rich commandery worth many thousand livres a year, that will be a great help to the common finances which are far from prosperous, and threatening to become worse. The proper steps are serious and involve an enormous outlay in ready money, and the return is uncertain in date if not altogether. They consist in this, that the Bailli shall go to Malta and accept the post of General of the Galleys, to which his age and rank entitle him, hold the office the usual time of two years, and then put in his claim which can hardly be refused to an ex-General for one of the superior commanderies. The Marquis's plan is cut and dried ; for him the whole scheme lies in a nutshell. He will find the money, the Bailli must go and make his fortune, and there is an end of it. "This is all very fine," the Bailli answers ; "but supposing I die before getting the commandery, you will lose your money, and the family will be half ruined through me." He implores his brother to think twice before embarking in so venturesome a scheme. He is quite content to live quietly, without regret or impatience, waiting for a commandery which will come in time to him by mere seniority ; he does not care much what happens. As a consummate master of *Entsagen*, detachment, indifference to outward goods of every description, the Bailli has not his equal. For he differs from the religious quietist, who cares for no sublunary thing, by his zeal as an officer, his ardour for reform, his patriotism, his ceaseless energy. However, the Marquis will listen to no objections and the Bailli goes to Malta, where for two years he will have to

spend money like water. As Malta produces nothing, all commodities have to be sent from France. The Marquis looks after everything, and despatches the means and materials of a two years' feasting before his brother gets there. "Linen, furniture, clothes, liveries covered with gold, glass, porcelain, wine, liqueurs, not forgetting the cuffs of Valenciennes lace indispensable to a General of Galleys, and six silver buckets to cool the bottles, all accompanied with enormous provisions for the table," costing in round number something like 150,000 francs, all to disappear in idle pomp and riotous living, very harmful to everybody concerned.

To such a character as the Bailli's, simple, frugal, and detesting show, these two years of revelling at Malta must have been as unpleasant and distasteful as any he ever experienced. To the man of naturally sober and moderate tastes, wasteful extravagance and profusion are perhaps more offensive than parsimony and stinting are to the self-indulgent and luxurious. To be compelled to live with, and constantly entertain, frivolous gormandisers and topers, must have been, one would think, a trial too heavy to be borne. The Bailli bears it with the quiet stoicism he brings to all things. He does not seem to have been wearied to death, as unconsciously he must have been. He expresses no nausea and disgust at the company he has to keep, at the time he has to waste. At his brother's persuasion he has made a venture, and he waits for the result. He is indeed at times terribly anxious lest the money should be spent in vain. But in the meanwhile he spends his money for a given object, just as a naval officer would spend ammunition to carry a fort. He gives the roisterers more and better wine than they ever had before, and says to them, "As it was only got for you, you shall have it while it lasts." "We do not deserve to have such a general," one of them appreciatingly said. In a word, by

his sumptuosity and punctual payments, the Bailli acquitted himself in his odd position with his usual exactness to universal satisfaction. Only on one point did he risk nearly complete failure, but it was a point on which he would brook no expostulation. His hatred of rogues nearly wrecked him in Malta as it had done in Guadaloupe. The Grand Master Pinto, who was his friend, was also in extreme old age, and his probable, almost certain, successor was the Bailli de Tencin (a near relative of d'Alembert's mother), a man without probity or courage, and altogether offensive to the moral sense. His relations with such a man as the Bailli de Mirabeau might safely be predicted, and they soon became openly hostile. But here was a threatening prospect. If old Pinto died, as in the course of nature he soon must, and Tencin succeeded him, what hope was there for the rich commandery in view of which all this lavish expense had been incurred? None whatever. Still nothing shall make the brave Bailli bend the knee to Baal. "If Providence," he says, "puts me like Job on a dunghill, and ruins my family, nothing shall induce me to give my vote to a man whom I consider unworthy."

Though we may be certain that he would have stood the test, he happily was never put to it. Instead of Pinto, Tencin died, and at once liberated several of the richest commanderies of the Order. After a little delay one of them was given to the good Bailli, who thus secured an income for life of some 50,000 francs a year.

It was just in time. The Marquis de Mirabeau, with his abortive speculations and ruinous lawsuits, from easy circumstances had fallen into a condition akin to poverty. Whether the Bailli, with his now well-filled purse, was ready to help him need not be said. But it presently strikes him that he (the Bailli) may die first, and then what will become of his brother? He soon hits upon an expedient, viz., to make an arrangement with the authori-

ties at Malta, by which on consideration that if he during his life drew only a moiety of his emoluments, the other moiety should devolve on his brother after his own death. An offer so advantageous to the Order would certainly have been accepted, but the Marquis promptly interposes his *veto*. "As regards mutilating yourself for me, my answer is that I want you to be rich; and by my faith, if I ever lose you, I shall not need any thing fifteen days after."

Space fails to say more of this interesting work at present. I have dwelt chiefly on one individual, because he is at once very interesting and little known. But several other characters, whose fortunes are recounted in these pages, are well fitted to attract attention. A third brother, Louis Alexander, whose career was

short and not always creditable, was evidently no commonplace man, and full of the Mirabeau fire and originality. The three women who appear in the book, the two Marquises de Mirabeau, and Madame de Pailly, are interesting figures in very opposite ways, especially the last. Most interesting and original of all, the old Marquis, "the crabbed friend of man," is well worthy of the elaborate study which M. de Loménie has devoted to him. Not only his life, but his works and their connection with some of the most important lines of speculation in the eighteenth century, are discussed with a quiet fulness and mastery which render this book a very valuable addition to the higher literature on that period. Perhaps on a future occasion we may return to the subject.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

"HAWORTH'S."

CHAPTER XLV.

"IT IS WORSE THAN I THOUGHT."

A WEEK or so later Saint-Méran went away. Ffrench informed his partner of this fact with a secret hope of its producing upon him a somewhat softening effect. But Haworth received the statement with coolness.

"He'll come back again," he said.
"Let him alone for that."

The general impression was that he would return. The opinion most popular in the more humble walks of Broxton society was that he had gone "to get hissen ready an' ha' th' papers drawed up," and that he would appear some fine day with an imposing retinue, settle an enormous fortune upon Miss Ffrench, and, having been united to her with due grandeur and solemnity, would disappear with her to indefinitely "furrin" parts.

There seemed to be little change in Rachel Ffrench's life and manner, however. She began to pay rather more strict attention to her social duties, and consequently went out oftener. This might possibly be attributed to the fact that remaining indoors was somewhat dull. Haworth and Murdoch came no more, and after Saint-Méran's departure a sort of silence seemed to fall upon the house. Ffrench himself felt it when he came in at night, and was naturally restless under it. Perhaps Miss Ffrench felt it too, though she did not say so.

One morning, Janey Briarley, sitting nursing the baby in the doorway of the cottage, glanced upward from her somewhat arduous task to find a tall and graceful figure standing before her in the sun. She had been too busily engaged to hear footsteps, and there had been no sound of carriage-wheels, so the visitor had come upon her entirely unawares.

It cannot be said she received her graciously. Her whilom admiration had been much tempered by sharp dis-

trust very early in her acquaintance with its object.

"Art tha coomin' in?" she asked unceremoniously.

"Yes," said Rachel Ffrench, "I am coming in."

Janey got up and made room for her to pass, and when she had passed, gave her a chair, very much over-weighted by the baby as she did so.

"Does tha want to see mother?" she inquired.

"If your mother is busy, you will serve every purpose. The housekeeper told me that Mrs. Dixon was ill, and as I was passing I thought I would come in."

Janey's utter disbelief in this explanation was a sentiment not easily concealed, even by an adept at controlling facial expression, and she was not an adept. But Miss Ffrench was not at all embarrassed by any demonstration of a lack of faith which she might have perceived. When Janey resumed her seat, she broke the silence by an entirely unexpected observation. She touched the baby delicately with the point of her parasol—very delicately indeed.

"I suppose," she remarked, "that this is an extremely handsome child."

This with the air of one inquiring for information.

"Nay, he is na," retorted Janey unrelentingly. "He's good enow, but he nivver wur hurt wi' good looks. None on 'em wur, an' he's fou'est o' th' lot. I should think tha could see that fur thyself."

"Oh," replied Miss Ffrench, "then I suppose I am wrong. My idea was that at that age children all looked alike."

"Loike him?" drily. "Did tha think as tha did?"

As the young Briarley in question was of a stolid and unornamental type, uncertain of feature, and noticeable chiefly for a large and unusually bald head of phrenological development,

this gave the matter an entirely novel aspect.

"Perhaps," said Miss French, "I scarcely regarded it from that point of view."

Then she changed the subject.

"How," she inquired, "is Mrs. Dixon?"

"She's neyther better nor worse," was the answer, "an' a mort o' trouble."

"That is unfortunate. Who cares for her?"

"Mother. She's th' only one as can do owt wi' her."

"Is there no one else she has a fancy for? Your father, for instance?"

"She gonna bide th' soight o' him, an' he's feart to go nigh her. Th' ony man as she ivver looked at wur Murdoch."

"I think I remember his saying she had made friends with him. Is she as fond of him now?"

"I dunnot know as I could ca' it bein' fond on him. She is na fond o' nobuddy. But she says he's getten a bit more sense than th' common run."

"It is rather good-natured on his part to come to see her——"

"He does na coom to see her. He has na been nigh th' house fur a month. He's been ill hissen or summatt. He's up an' about, but he'd getten a face loike Death th' last toime I seed him. Happen he's goin' off loike his feyther."

"How is that?"

"Did na tha know," with some impatience, "as he went crazy over summatt he wur makin', an' deed 'cause he could na mak' out to finish it? It's th' very thing Murdoch took up hisen an' th' stroikers wur so set ag'in."

"I think I remember. There was a story about the father. Do you—think he is really ill?"

"Murdoch? aye, I do. Mak' less noise, Tummos Henry!" (This to the child.)

"That is a great pity. There, rising from her seat, "is the carriage."

One of her gloves had been lying upon her lap. When she stood up, it dropped. She bent to pick it up, and as she did so something fell tinkling upon the flag floor and rolled under a

table. It was one of her rings. Janey brought it back to her.

"It mun ha' been too large fur thee," she said, "or tha'rt gettin' thin. Seems loike tha'rt a bit different to what tha wur," with a glance at her.

"Never mind that," sharply, as she handed her some money. "Give this to your mother."

And she dropped the ring into her purse instead of putting it on again, and went out to her carriage.

Janey stood and watched her.

"She is a bit thinner, or summatt," she remarked, "but she need na moind that. It's genteel enow to be thin, an' I dunnot know as it ud hurt her."

Rachel Ffrench went home, and the same afternoon Murdoch came to her for the last time.

He had not intended to come. In his wildest moments he had never thought of going to her again, but as he passed along the road, intending to spend the afternoon in wandering across the country, he looked up at the windows of the house, and a strange fancy seized upon him. He would go in and ask her the question he had asked himself again and again. It did not seem to him at the time a strange thing to do. It looked wonderfully simple and natural in his strained and unnatural mood. He turned in at the gate with only one feeling—that perhaps she would tell him, and then it would be over. She saw him come up the path, and wondered if the man at the door would remember the charge she had given him. It chanced that he did not remember, or that he was thrown off his guard. She heard feet on the stairs in a few seconds, and almost immediately Murdoch was in the room. What she thought when, being brought thus near to him, she saw and recognised the dreadful change in him, God knows. She supported herself with her hand upon the back of her chair when she rose. There was a look in his face almost wolfish. He would not sit down, and in three minutes broke through the barrier of her effort at controlling him. It was impossible

for her to control him as she might have controlled another man.

"I have only a few words to say," he said. "I have come to ask you a question. I think that is all—only to ask you a question. Will you tell me," he said, "what wrong I have done you?"

She put her other hand on the chair and held it firmly.

"Will you tell me," she said, almost in a whisper, "what wrong I have done you?"

She remained so looking at him and he at her with a terrible helplessness through a moment of dead silence.

She dropped her face upon her hands as she held the chair, and so stood.

He fell back a pace, gazing at her still.

"I have heard of women who fancied themselves injured," he said, "planning to revenge themselves upon the men who had intentionally or unintentionally wounded their pride. I remember such things in books I have read, not in real life, and once or twice the thought has crossed my mind that at some time in the past I might, in my poor ignorance, have presumed—or—or blundered in some way to—anger you—and that this has been my punishment. It is only a wild thought, but it was a straw to cling to, and I would rather believe it, wild as it is, than believe that what you have done you did wantonly. Can it be—is it true?"

"No."

But she did not lift her face.

"It is not?"

"No."

"Then it is worse than I thought."

He said the words slowly and clearly, and they were his last. Having said them he went away without a backward glance.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ONCE AGAIN.

In half an hour's time he had left Broxton far behind him. He left the open road and rambled across fields and through lanes. The people in the farm-houses, who knew him,

saw him pass looking straight before him and walking steadily like a man with an end in view.

His mind was full of one purpose—the determination to control himself and keep his brain clear.

"Now," he said, "let me think it over—now let me look at it in cold blood."

The effort he made was something gigantic; it was a matter of physical as well as mental force. He had wavered and been vague long enough. Now the time had come to rouse himself through sheer power of will, or give up the reins and drift with the current a lost man.

At dusk he reached Dillup, and roamed about the streets, half conscious of his surroundings. The Saturday-night shopping was going on, and squalid women hurrying past him with their baskets on their arms glanced up, wondering at his dark face and preoccupied air.

"He's noan Dillup," they said; one good woman going so far as to add that "she did na loike th' looks on him neyther," with various observations upon the moral character of foreigners in general. He saw nothing of the sensation he created, however. He rambled about erratically until he felt the need of rest and then went into a clean little shop and bought some simple food and ate it, sitting upon the tall stool before the counter, watched by the stout, white-aproned matron in charge.

"Tha looks poorly, mester," she said, as she handed him his change.

He started a little on hearing her voice, but recovered himself readily.

"Oh no," he said. "I'm right enough, I think. I'm an American, and I suppose we are rather a gaunt-looking lot as a rule."

"Merikin, art tha?" she replied. "Well to be sure! Happen that's it," good-naturedly. "I've allus heerd they wur a poor colour. 'Merikin! Well—sure-ly!"

The fact of his being an American seemed to impress her deeply. She received his thanks (she was not often thanked by her customers) as a mys-

terious though not disagreeable result of his nationality, and as he closed the door after him he heard, as an accompaniment to the tinkling of the shop-bell, her amiably surprised ejaculation again, "A 'Merikin! Well—sure-ly!"

A few miles from Broxton there was a substantial little stone bridge upon which he had often sat. In passing it again and again it had gradually become a sort of resting-place for him. It was at a quiet point of the road, and sitting upon it he had thought out many a problem. When he reached it on his way back he stopped and took his usual seat, looking down into the slow little stream beneath, and resting against the low buttress. He had not come to work out a problem now; he felt that he had worked his problem out in the past six hours.

"It was not worth it," he said.
"No—it was not worth it after all."

When he went on his way again he was very tired, and he wondered drearily whether, if when he came near the old miserable stopping-place, he should not falter and feel the fascination strong upon him again. He had an annoying fear of the mere possibility of such a thing. When he saw the light striking slantwise upon the trees it might draw him towards it as it had done so often before—even in spite of his determination and struggles.

Half a mile above the house a great heat ran over him and then a deadly chill, but he went on steadily. There was this for him, that for the first time he could think clearly and not lose himself.

He came nearer to it and nearer, and it grew in brightness. He fancied he had never seen it so bright before. He looked up at it and then away. He was glad that having once looked he could turn away; there had been many a night when he could not. Then he was under the shadow of the trees and knew that his dread had been only a fancy, and that he was a saner man than he had thought. And the light was left behind him and he did not look back, but went on.

When he reached home the house was utterly silent. He entered with his latch-key, and finding all dark went up stairs noiselessly.

The door of his own room was closed, and when he opened it he found darkness there also. He struck a match and turned on the light. For a moment its sudden glare blinded him, and then he turned involuntarily toward the farther corner of the room. Why he did so, he did not know at the time—the movement was the result of an uncontrollable impulse—but after he had looked he knew.

The light shone upon the empty chair in its old place—and upon the table and upon the model standing on it!

He did not utter any exclamation; strangely enough, he did not at first feel any shock or surprise. He advanced towards it slowly. But when at last he stood near it, the shock came. His heart beat as if it would burst.

"What falseness is there in me," he cried, "that I should have forgotten it?"

He was stricken with burning shame. He did not ask himself how it was that it stood there in its place. He thought of nothing but the lack in himself which was so deep a humiliation. Everything else was swept away. He sank into the chair and sat staring at it.

"I had forgotten it," he said—"forgotten it."

And then he put out his hand and touched and moved it—and drew it towards him.

About an hour afterwards he was obliged to go down stairs for something he needed. It was to the sitting-room he went, and when he pushed the door open he found a dim light burning and saw that some one was lying upon the sofa. His first thought was that it was his mother who had waited for him, but it was not she—it was Christian Murdoch fast asleep with her face upon her arm.

Her hat and gloves were thrown upon the table, and she still wore a long gray cloak which was stained and

damp about the hem. He saw this as soon as he saw her face, and no sooner saw than he understood.

He went to the sofa and stood a moment looking down at her, and, though he did not speak or stir, she awoke.

She sat up and pushed her cloak aside, and he spoke to her.

"It was you who brought it back," he said.

"Yes," she answered, quietly. "I thought that if you saw it in the old place again, you would remember."

"You did not forget it."

"I had nothing else to think of," was her simple reply.

"I must seem a poor sort of fellow to you," he said wearily. "I am a poor sort of fellow."

"No," she said, "or I should not have thought it worth while to bring it back."

He glanced down at her dress and then up at her face.

"You had better go up stairs to bed," he said. "The dew has made your dress and cloak damp. Thank you for what you have done."

She got up and turned away.

"Good night," she said.

"Good night," he answered, and watched her out of the room.

Then he found what he required and went back to his work; only, more than once as he bent over it, he thought again of the innocent look of her face as it rested upon her arm when she slept.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A FOOTSTEP.

He went out no more at night. From the moment he laid his hand upon the model again he was safer than he knew. Gradually the old fascination re-asserted itself. There were hours of lassitude and weariness to be borne, and moments of unutterable bitterness and disgust for life, in which he had to fight sharp battles against the poorer side of his nature; but always at the worst there was something which made itself a point to fix thought upon. He could force himself to think of this

when, if he had had no purpose in view, he would have been a lost man. The keen sense of treachery to his own resolve stung him, but it was a spur after all. The strength of the reaction had its physical effect upon him, and sometimes he suddenly found himself weak to exhaustion—so weak that any exertion was impossible, and he was obliged to leave his post at the Works and return home for rest. At such time he lay for hours upon the narrow sofa in the dull little room, as his father had done long before, and wore a look so like him that, one day, his mother coming into the room not knowing he was there, cried out aloud and staggered backward, clutching at her breast.

Her manner towards him softened greatly in these days. It was more what it had been in his boyhood, when she had watched over him with patient and unfailing fondness. Once he awakened to see her standing a few paces from his side, seeming to have been there some moments.

"If—I have seemed hard to you in your trouble," she said, "forgive me."

She spoke without any prelude, and did not seem to expect any answer, turning away and going about her work at once; but he felt that he need feel restless and chilled in her presence no longer.

He did not pursue his task at home, but took the model down to the Works and found a place for it in his little work-cell.

The day he did so he was favoured by a visit from Haworth. It was the first since the rupture between them. Since then they had worked day after day with only the door separating. They had known each other's incomings and outgoings, but had been as far apart as if a world had separated them. Haworth had known more of Murdoch than Murdoch had known of him. No change in him had escaped his eye. He had seen him struggle and reach his climax at last. He had jeered at him as a poor enough fellow with fine, white-livered fancies, and a woman's way of bearing himself. He

had raged at and cursed him, and now and then been lost in wonder at him, but he had never fathomed him from first to last.

But within the last few weeks his mood had changed—slowly, it is true, but it had changed. His bearing had changed too. Murdoch himself gradually awakened to a recognition of this fact, in no small wonder. He was less dogged and aggressive, and showed less ill-will.

That he should appear suddenly, almost in his old way, was a somewhat startling state of affairs, but he crossed the threshold coolly.

He sat down and folded his arms on the table.

"You brought summat down with you this morning," he said. "What was it?"

Murdoch pointed to the wooden case, which stood on a shelf a few feet from him.

"It was that," he answered.

"That!" he repeated. "What! You're at work at it again, are you?"

"Yes."

"Well, look sharp after it, that's all. There's a grudge bore again it."

"I know that," Murdoch answered, "to my cost. I brought it here because I thought it would be safer."

"Aye, it'll be safer. Take my advice and keep it close, and work at it at nights, when th' place is quiet. There's a key as'll let you in." And he flung a key down upon the table,

Murdoch picked it up mechanically. He felt as if he could scarcely be awake. It seemed as if the man must have brought his purpose into the room with him, having thought it over beforehand. His manner by no means disarmed the suspicion.

"It is the favour I should have asked, if I had thought——"

Haworth left his chair.

"There's th' key," he said, abruptly. "Use it. No other chap would get it."

He went back to his own room again, and Murdoch was left to his surprise, which was a strong emotion.

He finished his work for the day and went home, remaining there until night

came on. Then he went back to the Works, having first told Christian of his purpose.

"I am going to the Works," he said. "I may be there all night. Don't wait for me, or feel anxious."

When the great building loomed up before him in the dark, his mind recalled instantly the night he had entered it before, attracted by the light in the window. There was no light about it now but that shut in the lantern he carried. The immensity and dead stillness would have been a trying thing for many a man to encounter, but as he relocked the door and made his way to his den, he thought of them only from one point of view.

"It is the silence of the grave," he said, "A man can concentrate himself upon his work as if there was not a human breath stirring within a mile of him."

Somewhat, even his room wore a look which seemed to belong to the silence of night—a look he felt he had not seen before. He marked it with a vague sense of mystery when he set his lantern down upon the table, turning the light only upon the spot on which his work would stand.

Then he took down the case and opened it, and removed the model.

"It will not be forgotten again," he thought aloud. "If it is to be finished, it will be finished here."

Half the night passed before he returned home. When he did so he went to his room and slept heavily until daylight. He had never slept as he slept in these nights—heavy, dreamless sleep, from which, at first, he used to awaken with a start and a perfectly blank sense of loss and dread, but which became, at last, unbroken.

Night after night found him at his labour. It grew upon him; he longed for it through the day; he could not have broken from it if he would.

Once, as he sat at his table, he fancied that he heard a lock click, and afterwards a stealthy footstep. It was a sound so faint and indistinct that

his disbelief in its reality was immediate; but he got up, taking his lantern with him, and went out to look at the entrance passage. It was empty and dark, and the door was shut and locked as he had left it. He went back to his work little disturbed. He had not really expected to find the traces of any presence in the place, but he had felt it best to make the matter safe.

Perhaps the fact that once or twice on other nights the same light, indefinite sound fell upon his ear again, made him feel rather more secure than otherwise. Having examined the place before and with the same result, it troubled him no more. He set it down to some ordinary material cause.

After his first visit Haworth came into his room often. Why he came Murdoch did not understand very clearly. He did not come to talk; sometimes he scarcely spoke at all. He was moody and abstracted. He went about the place wearing a hard and reckless look, utterly unlike any roughness and hardness he had shown before. The hands who had cared the least for his not altogether ill-natured tempests in days gone by, shrank or were restive before him now. He drove all before him or passed through the rooms sullenly. It was plain to see that he was not the man he had been—that he had even lost strength, and was suddenly worn and broken, though neither flesh nor colour had failed him.

Among those who had made a lion of him he was more popular than ever. The fact that he had held out against ill luck when so many had gone down, was constantly quoted. The strikes which had kept up an uneven but prolonged struggle had been the ruin of many a manufacturer who had thought he could battle any storm. "Haworth's" had held its own and weathered the worst.

This was what the county potentates were fond of saying upon all occasions,—particularly when they wanted Haworth to dine with them at their houses. He used to accept their invitations and then go and sit at their dinner-tables with a sardonic

face. His humour, it was remarked with some regret, was often of a sardonic kind. Occasionally he laughed at the wrong time, and his jokes were not always easy to smile under. It was also remarked that Mr. Ffrench scarcely seemed comfortable upon these festive occasions. Of late he had not been in the enjoyment of good health. He explained that he suffered from nervous headaches and depression. His refined, well-moulded face had become rather thin and fatigued-looking. He had lost his effusive eloquence. He often sat silent, and started nervously when spoken to, but he did not eschew society at all, always going out upon any state occasion when his partner was to be a feature of the feast. The fact was that once upon such an occasion he had said privately and with some plaintiveness to Haworth—

"I don't think I can go to-night, my dear fellow. I really don't feel quite equal to it."

"Damn you!" said Haworth, dispensing with social codes. "You'll go whether you're up to it or not. We'll keep it up to the end. It'll be over soon enough."

He evinced interest in the model, in his visits to the workroom, which seemed a little singular to Murdoch. He asked questions about it, and more than once repeated his caution concerning its being "kept close."

"I've got it into my head that you'll finish it some of these days," he said once, "if naught happens to it or you."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

FINISHED.

ONE night, Murdoch, on leaving the house, said to Christian—

"Don't expect me until morning. I may not be back until then. I think I shall work all night."

She did not ask him why. For several days she had seen that a singular mood was upon him, that he was restless. Sometimes when he met her eye unexpectedly, he started and coloured and turned away, as if he was a little afraid. She stood upon the step and

watched him until he disappeared in the darkness, and then shut the door and went in to his mother.

A quarter of an hour afterwards he entered his work-room, and shut himself in and brought out the model.

He sat looking at it a moment, and then stretched forth his hand to touch it. Suddenly he drew it back and let it fall heavily upon the table.

"Good God!" he cried. "Did *he* ever feel so near as *this*, and then fail?"

The shock was almost unbearable.

"Are there to be two of us?" he said. "Was not one enough?"

But he put forth his hand again a minute later, though his heart beat like a trip-hammer.

"It rests with me to prove it," he said—"with *me!*"

As he worked, the dead silence about him seemed to become more intense. His own breathing was a distinct sound, light as it was; the accidental dropping of a tool upon the table was a jar upon him; the tolling of the church bell at midnight was unbearable. He even took out his watch and stopped it. But at length he knew neither sound nor stillness; he forgot both.

It had been a dark night, but the morning rose bright and clear. The sun, streaming in at the one window, fell upon the model, pushed far back upon the table, and on Murdoch himself, sitting with his forehead resting upon his hands. He had been sitting thus some time—he did not know how long. He had laid his last tool down before the first streak of pink had struck across the gray sky.

He was tired, and chill with the morning air, but he had not thought of going home yet, or even quite recognised that the night was past. His lantern still burned beside him.

But he was roused at last by a sound in the outer room. The gates had not been unlocked nor the bell rung, but some one had come in.

Haworth the next moment opened the door, and stood in the threshold, looking in on him.

"You've been here all night," he said.

"Yes," Murdoch answered.

He turned a little and pointed to the model, speaking slowly, as if he were but half awake.

"I think," he said, "that it is complete."

He said it with so little appearance of emotion or exultation that Haworth was dumbfounded. He laid a hand on his shoulder and shook him a little.

"Wake up, man!" he said. "You're dazed."

"No," he answered, "not dazed. I've had time to think it over. It has been finished two or three hours."

All at once he burst into a laugh.

"I did not think," he said, "that it would be you I should tell the news to first."

Haworth sat down near him with a dogged face.

"Nay," he replied, "nor me either."

They sat and stared at each other for a moment in silence.

Then Murdoch drew a long, wearied breath.

"But it is done," he said, "nevertheless."

After that he got up and began to make his preparations to go home, while Haworth sat and watched him.

"I shall want to go away," he said. "When I come back I shall know what the result is to be."

"Start to-morrow morning," said Haworth. "And keep close. By the time you come back—"

He stopped, and left his chair, and the bell which called the hands to work began its hurried clangor.

At the door he paused.

"When shall you take it away?" he asked.

"To-night," Murdoch answered. "After dark."

At home he only told them one thing—that in the morning he was going to London and did not know when he should return.

He did not return to the Works during the day, but remained at home trying to rest. But he could not sleep, and the day seemed to lag

heavily. In the afternoon he left the sofa on which he had lain through the morning and went out. He walked slowly through the town and at last turned down the lane which led to the Briarleys' cottage. He felt as if there would be sort of relief to the tenseness of his mood in a brief interview with Janey. He had often found Janey an excellent antidote to visionary and ill-balanced moods. When he went into the house, Mr. Briarley was seated in Mrs. Dixon's chair unconsciously balancing his latest born upon his knee. His aspect was grave and absorbed; he was heated and dishevelled with violent exertion; the knot of his blue cotton neckerchief had twisted itself under his right ear in a painfully suggestive manner. Under some stress of circumstances he had been suddenly pressed into service, and his mode of placating his offspring was at once unprofessional and productive of frantic excitement.

But the moment he caught sight of Murdoch an alarming change came upon him. His eyes opened to their fullest extent, his jaw fell, and the colour died out of his face. He rose hurriedly, dropped the youngest Briarley into his chair and darted out of the house, in such trepidation that his feet slipped under him when he reached the lower step, and he fell with a loud clatter of wooden clogs, scrambled up again with haste and difficulty, and disappeared at once.

Attracted by the disturbance, Janey darted in from the inner room, barely in time to rescue the deserted young Briarley from certain and dire catastrophe.

"Wheer's he gone?" she demanded with rancour, signifying her paternal parent. "I towd her he wur na fit to be trusted! Wheer's he gone?"

"I don't know," Murdoch answered. "I think he ran away because he saw me. What is the trouble?"

"Nay, dunnont ax me! We canna mak' him out, neyther mother nor me. He's been settin' i' th' house fur three days, as if he wur feart to stir out—

settin' by th' fire an' shakin' his yed' an' cryin' ivvery now and then. An' here's her i' th' back room to wait on. A noice toime this is fur him to pick to go off in. He mowt ha' waited till she wur done wi'."

"So he might," said Murdoch, seriously.

But as conversation naturally could not flourish under the circumstances, he only remained a few minutes and then took his leave.

It seemed that he had not yet done with Mr. Briarley. Passing through the gate, he caught sight of a forlorn figure seated upon the road-side about twenty yards before him. It was a well-known figure, wearing a fustian jacket and a blue neckcloth knotted under the ear. As he approached, Mr. Briarley looked up, keeping his eyes fixed upon him in a despairing gaze. He did not remove his glance at all, in fact, until Murdoch was within ten feet of him when, for some entirely inexplicable reason, he rose hurriedly and passed to the other side of the road, and at a distance of some yards ahead, sat down, and stared wildly at him again. This singular course he pursued until they had reached the end of the lane, where he did not leave his place, but sat and watched Murdoch out of sight.

"I thowt," he said, breathing with extreme shortness, "as he ha' done fur me. It wur a wonder as he did na. If I'd coom nigh him or he'd coom nigh me, they'd ha' swore it wur me as did it an's gone accordin', if luck went ag'in 'em."

Then a sudden panic seemed to seize him. He pulled off his cap, and, holding it in both hands, stared into it, as if in desperate protestation against fate. A large tear fell into the crown, and then another and another.

"I canna help it," he said, in a sepulchral and very loud whisper. "Look out! Look out! Look out!"

And then probably feeling that even in this he might be committing himself fatally, he got up, glanced fearfully about him, and scuttled away.

To be continued.

THE DRAMATISATION OF NOVELS.

THERE can be no doubt that, according to natural law and right reason, an individual should be entitled to the full and proper amount of profit which he can derive from his own creation ; or, in other words, the product of his brain ought to be his own for all legitimate purposes. The property of an author in his literary composition is not only founded in natural justice, but this right has been recognised in all civilized nations by the granting of copyright. It appears, however, according to recent case-law, that whilst the dramatisation of the incidents of a novel or other literary work without the author's consent is an infringement of his copyright in France and the United States of America, it is not so in England, although such work may be dramatised publicly and for profit to the dramatiser, as I will briefly point out from the three important cases on this question. In that of *Reade v. Conquest*,¹ tried before the Court of Common Pleas in 1861, it appears that the plaintiff had published a novel called *It is Never Too Late to Mend*, of which there was a subsisting copyright, and of which he was the duly registered proprietor ; and the defendant, without his consent, had dramatised it, and publicly represented and performed the same as a drama for profit to him, the defendant, on one hundred occasions at the Grecian Theatre. The plaintiff claimed 500*l.* for an infringement of his copyright in this novel by such acts of the defendant ; and on the judgment of the Court being given for the latter, Mr. Justice Williams stated that the plaintiff's copyright was neither infringed by common nor statute law ; and in support of this judgment, among other cases, quoted

that of *Murray v. Elliston*.² In this the tragedy of *Marino Faliero*, by Lord Byron, the copyright of which was owned by Mr. Murray, had been abridged by curtailing the dialogue and soliloquies, and in that form publicly represented for profit by Elliston at Drury Lane Theatre, the play being described in the advertisements as Lord Byron's tragedy. In consequence of this a bill for an injunction was filed, and a case was prepared for the opinion of the Court of Queen's Bench as to whether the plaintiff had a right to maintain an action against the defendant under the circumstances, either according to common or statute law ; when the Court decided that no action would lie. In the case of *Tinsley v. Lacy*,³ the plaintiff moved for an injunction, in 1863, to restrain the defendant from printing, publishing, or selling two dramas adapted from two of Miss Braddon's novels. The plaintiff was the publisher and registered proprietor of the novels in question, *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Aurora Floyd*, which had been very successful, and had passed through many editions a few months after publication. The defendant, as a bookseller, had published and was selling two dramas adapted from these novels, the title of one of which was "*Lady Audley's Secret*, a drama in two acts, adapted from Miss Braddon's popular work of the same title by William E. Suter, Esq." and that of the other, "*Aurora Floyd*, a drama in two acts, adapted from Miss Braddon's popular work of the same title by W. E. Suter, Esq." The plaintiff stated that these dramas respectively contained a great number of passages taken *verbatim*, or

¹ 9, C. P., N. S., 755.

² 5, B. and Ald., 657.
³ 32, L. J. (Ch.), 535.

merely with a colourable alteration, from the novels; that they were an extraction of the principal scenes and situations in the novels, and that, therefore, their publication was an infringement of the plaintiff's copyright. The leading characters in the plays were similar to those in the novels, all the most stirring scenes in the latter were copied *verbatim* in the former, while what was description in the novels appeared word for word as stage directions in the plays. The drama of *Lady Audley's Secret* contained thirty-eight pages, of which about eleven were extracted from the novel *verbatim*; while for the play of *Aurora Floyd*, which consisted of thirty-nine pages, about fourteen pages were taken word for word from the novel. In delivering judgment in this case, Vice-Chancellor Wood said, among other things, that the defendant, "professing to make a work of his own, has taken one quarter at least of his matter bodily out of the plaintiff's publication. This, for the purpose of narration, for the purpose of dramatising, or anything else except printing, he is at liberty to do; but if he chooses to put into print that one quarter which is bodily taken out of some publication which is protected by copyright, he cannot escape from the consequences of so-doing. He reprints a book which he calls his own (I have the book alone to deal with—I have nothing to do with the drama); he reprints in that book to the extent of one quarter of the work, the most stirring passages—what Lord Cottenham describes as 'the vital parts'—of this novel in the identical language in which the original author composed it. No doubt that is an infringement of the Copyright Act, and he cannot protect himself by saying other people have done so before." An injunction was accordingly granted to restrain the sale of the dramas, since that was an infringement of the plaintiff's copyright in the novels, although no proof of actual damages appear to have been given. From this decision it is clear

that if these dramas had not been printed, they could have been performed at theatres for profit to the composer of them without the consent of Mr. Tinsley.

Another case was that of *Toole v. Young*.¹ In this it appears that Mr. Hollingshead, the well-known author, journalist, and theatrical manager, wrote a novel and published the same in *Good Words*, called *Not Above His Business*, which was so arranged that, according to his evidence before the Royal Commission on Copyright, "it could be produced bodily on the stage without the alteration of ten lines." Within a month or two after the novel had appeared in the periodical Mr. Hollingshead himself wrote the drama *Shop*, which was the novel dramatised. The only variation between the two was that the narrative part of the novel was in the drama turned into stage directions, and description of the characters and of the scenes, furniture, and other matters represented. This drama Mr. Hollingshead sold to Mr. Toole, the plaintiff, who undertook to produce it in Edinburgh; Mr. Toole, however, felt doubtful about the matter, and in consequence the play was neither represented, printed nor published. In the meantime, as we learn from Mr. Hollingshead, some person connected with the dramatic profession having heard of the novel, directed a piratical author to the original source, "who turned it, as of course he could do in a few hours, into a one-act drama, and whilst Mr. Toole was hesitating, this piece was produced with great success all over the country." The "piratical author" being ignorant that Mr. Hollingshead had already dramatised his story in the play of *Shop*, entitled his drama *Glory*, and assigned the play to the defendant Young, who represented it at his own theatre. It is needless to say that *Shop* and *Glory*, though drawn from the same source, were essentially different. The case was adjudicated upon by the Court of Queen's Bench

¹ 9, Q. B., 523.

in 1874 (the Chief Justice of that Court having already, in the previous year, nonsuited the plaintiff, with leave to move to enter a verdict for 50*l.*). A rule having been obtained on the ground that there was an infringement of the plaintiff's right, the rule was discharged and judgment given in favour of the defendant. The Court held that, upon the publication of Mr. Hollingshead's novel any person might dramatise it, and that notwithstanding the fact that both plays were founded upon Mr. Hollingshead's story the performance of the drama called *Glory* was not a representation of that called *Shop*, and therefore the plaintiff could not recover penalties from the defendant under sections 1 and 2 of the Act for Amending the Laws relating to Dramatic Literary Property (Wm. IV. c. 15). In delivering his judgment against the plaintiff Lord Cockburn mentioned, that "the author of a novel is not protected against having his novel put into the form of a drama by different persons, and it seems to make no difference that he himself has dramatised it. When an author has once given his novel to the world, he cannot take away from other persons the right to dramatise it by himself transforming it into a drama, subject to this, that they must not borrow from his drama, but only from his novel." Mr. Justice Blackburn spoke to the same effect when he said, "If Mr. Hollingshead's drama had been plagiarised, the defendant would have been liable to an action; and in the present case, if Mr. Hollingshead's drama had been produced upon the stage, a jury would have found that Mr. Grattan," meaning the writer of the other drama, "having the means of knowing of Mr. Hollingshead's drama, had, as a matter of fact, plagiarised from it; but Mr. Hollingshead's drama never having been represented, Mr. Grattan did not plagiarise, and therefore the plaintiff is entitled to keep the nonsuit, and the rule must be discharged." Mr. Justice Quain and Mr. Justice

Archibald also concurred in this view.

Now, according to Copinger on the Law of Copyright, the only way in which it appears possible for an author to prevent persons reciting or representing the whole or any part of a book of his composition as a dramatic performance, is to print and publish his work himself in the form of a drama, and thus bring himself within the scope of the dramatic copyright law. An instance of this is furnished in the case of *Vittoria Contarini*, by Mr. Dubourg. With the view of protecting that novel, published in 1876, and couched in almost dramatic form, Mr. Dubourg informed the Copyright Commission that he had printed and published a drama of the same, previously written, but never acted; and upon this he had founded the story; but there were doubts, according to his statement, whether he had lawfully secured himself against the production of a dramatised version of the novel, which in effect was the original drama itself—as a great difference of opinion existed on the point. His efforts, however, to obtain a doubtful protection of his story from dramatisation obliged him to incur the cost of printing and publishing his play, though on account of many alterations that would necessarily be made in the text of the drama during its rehearsal, it would be practically useless. He had therefore been put to the expense of printing and publishing a play not ripe for the press, without being certain that he had in consequence succeeded in protecting his rights in the dramatic form of his idea.

The number of novels and stories dramatised for theatrical representation is very considerable. We are informed, in the evidence given before the Copyright Commission, that it is a very common practice to convert the contents of English novels into plays for stage purposes without the consent of the authors or proprietors of the copyright of such novels, and as such

publications are far more suitable for this purpose than other works, the practice is designated "the Dramatisation of novels." The mode and extent to which novels and stories may be used for the stage varies very considerably. Stories have been prepared, as we have seen, in a form adapted for theatrical representation almost without change; particular parts and passages of novels are sometimes transferred bodily into a drama, the bulk of which consists of original matter; and at other times the plot of a novel is used as the basis of a play, while the dialogue is entirely original. Some important testimony was given before the Copyright Commission by Mr. Hollingshead and Mr. Tom Taylor respecting the injury which novelists have suffered and still sustain from the dramatisation of their novels and stories without their consent; and a paper was submitted upon this point by the former, and published in the appendix to the evidence before the Commission, containing extracts from letters which he had received on this question, and on the advisability of taking legislative steps to prevent the piracy of the contents of novels for dramatic purposes.

The injury which results to novelists from this injustice consists not only in their being deprived of the profit or remuneration which they might otherwise receive from the dramatisation of their literary works; but also in the loss which they frequently suffer from the false impression given of their novels by imperfect dramatic versions of them being produced without their consent. As to the first of these injuries Miss Braddon says—"I have written twenty-four novels; many of these have been dramatised, and a few of the dramatic versions still hold the stage. I have never received the smallest pecuniary advantage from any of these adaptations; nor does the law of copyright in any way assist me to protect what appears to be a valuable portion of my copyright, namely, the exclusive right to drama-

tise my own creation." Mr. Watts Phillips also says—"Amos Clark was founded on a novel of mine. A thief the other day informed me he had as much right to give *his* version of *my* story as I had, *by the law*. Nearly every one of my stories has been dramatised, captured, and conveyed to the cave of Adullam and elsewhere—not a farthing given to me. Only when I took up some of my situations (situations created by me), and worked them into a piece, I was told 'they had been done before.'"

As a literary work may be made ridiculous, and its entire grace, merit, and beauty very greatly injured, if not destroyed, by dramatisation, the piracy of the contents of novels for stage purposes has had a very injurious effect, not only on the pockets, but upon the reputation of the authors of them. Mr. Tom Taylor very properly stated that "the value of the author's work in his eyes, and it may be in those of the public, depends upon it not being made ridiculous; and he has a right to protect himself against the injury to his work, the injury to his market, and the injury to his reputation, which would follow from unauthorised or unskilful dramatisation.... It is the object of the copyright law to protect an author from having his rights infringed in any way; and being made ridiculous is such an infringement, as it seems to me." Mrs. Lewes—George Eliot—is entirely opposed to the dramatisation of her works, as she believes that the qualities which give them their principal value are not those qualities which could be made known in a theatrical representation; and therefore she refuses altogether to permit her novels to be dramatised. When the late Charles Dickens had published three-fourths of a novel in a periodical form, a dramatist at the Surrey theatre took the liberty of completing the novel in his own way as a new play, three months before Mr. Dickens had himself published the completion. It appears, from a letter in the *Times*

from the lady known as "Ouida," respecting a play based on a novel of hers entitled *Strathmore*, that she was abused for faults in the play which did not exist in her novel. Mr. Wilkie Collins is evidently very indignant at the dramatisation of one of his works, from which he himself refused to compose a play, considering it unfit for theatrical purposes ; and what he states about this audacity is likely to add much to the sense of the injustice suffered by novelists from the pirating of their works for dramas. Mr. Collins says, "My Poor Miss Finch has been dramatised (without asking my permission) by some obscure idiot in the country. I have been asked to dramatise it, and I have refused, because my experience tells me that the book is eminently unfit for stage purposes. What I refuse to do with my own work another man (unknown in literature) is perfectly free to do against my will, and (if he can get his rubbish played) to the prejudice of my novel and my reputation."

Now there surely can be no doubt in the opinion of all just and honourable men, that it is a mean and shabby act to dramatise the literary work of another without his consent, and as there will probably always be persons who,

if not prohibited by law, will resort to this disreputable practice, legislation is required to prevent them from doing so.

According to extracts from letters to Mr. Hollingshead, which were read to the Copyright Commission several of our novelists and others are in favour of such an amendment of the copyright law as will prevent the unauthorized dramatisation of novels. It was suggested to the Commission, in the interests of the public, that a term of three or five years, or even more, should be allowed to the author, within which he should have the entire right to dramatise his novel, and that then it should be open to any person to dramatise the same. It did not however appear to the Commissioners that the public benefit in having a novel represented on the stage, was sufficient to outweigh the inconvenience of making the right of dramatising its incidents uniform with other copyright ; and they were therefore of opinion that the right of dramatising a novel or other work should be reserved to the author, co-extensive with his copyright in the same. It is to be hoped that at some early date a statute will be passed to give effect to this recommendation.

JAMES NEVILLE PORTER.

HYMN

FOR ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST'S DAY, JUNE 24TH.

Who shall be the last great Seer
 That the world goes forth to hear ?
 What shall be his warning cry
 When the day of doom draws nigh ?
 Whence shall come the magic power
 That in man's supremest hour
 Smooths the rough and rugged road
 For the highway of our God ?

Few and short the words he speaks ;
 Plain and straight the goal he seeks ;
 Round his path shall never shine
 Festal pomp nor wondrous sign :
 Lonely course and hopeless fight,
 Rising doubt and dwindling light,—
 Such the lot of him whose name
 Burns with more than prophet's flame.

“ Change the heart and soul and mind,
 Dark for bright and hard for kind ;
 Wash you clean from stains of earth,
 Leap into a second birth ;
 People, soldier, scribe, and priest,
 Each from thrall of self released,
 Live a life sincere and true,
 For your King is close in view.”

Thus appeared the heaven-sent man ;
 Foremost in the battle's van,
 Herald of an unseen Light,
 Martyr for the simple right.
 May we learn, on this his day,
 That in Duty's homely way
 Bravely, firmly, humbly trod,
 Man can best prepare for God.

A. P. STANLEY.

BURNS'S UNPUBLISHED COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

V

I RETURN to the Common-place Book, page 33, the first eight lines of which were dedicated to Mrs. Dr. Hunter, London.

To Mr. Graham, of Fintry, On being appointed to my Excise Division.

I call no goddess to inspire my strains,
A fabled Muse may suit a Bard that feigns :
"Friend of my life!" my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The Gift still dearer, as the Giver You.—

Thou orb of Day ! Thou other Paler Light !
And all ye many-sparkling Stars of Night !
If aught that Giver from my mind efface ;
If I that Giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;
Then roll, to me, along your wandering
spheres,
Only to number out A VILLAIN'S YEARS !

I lay my hand upon my swelling breast
And grateful would—but cannot speak the
rest.—

This poem is printed by Currie, iv. 401, with the title, To Robert Graham, Esq., of Fintry, on receiving a Favor. The last two lines are omitted. Mr. Scott Douglas (Paternoster's edition, vol. ii. 244) says :—

"The original MS. of the text with post-mark of date (10th August, 1789), is in the possession of James T. Gibson-Craig, Esq., Edinburgh, which contains the concluding couplet, omitted by Currie, and which does not usually form a part of the text of this poem."

As we see from page 17 of the Common-place Book, the favour was requested on September 8th, 1788. Mr. Scott Douglas has collated Currie with a MS. in the British Museum in the poet's handwriting. All his variations are found in the Common-place Book, except that Currie gives 'seek you the proofs,' where Mr. Scott Douglas gives 'seek not,' the Common-place Book giving 'seek you.' Mr. Scott Douglas calls the poem a sonnet.

The reader will remember (*supra*) that before March 9th of the year before Clarinda had called Burns "a villain," and the bitter and ungenerous epithet from one who had once been very dear still rankled in his sensitive heart.

This poem is followed immediately by—

Page 34.

Song Tune, Ewe buights Marion.

Printed Vol. 4, pa. 12.

1
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old¹ Scotia's shore ?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across th' Atlantic² roar ?

2
O sweet grows the lime & the orange,
And the apple on the pine,
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.—

3
I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I've³ sworn by the Heavens to be true :
And sae may the Heavens forget me,
When I forget my vow !

4
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your lily white hand :
O plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand !—

5
We hae plighted our truth,⁴ my Mary,
In mutual affection to join :
And curst be the cause that shall part us !
The hour and the moment o' time !

Currie may have printed these verses from Burns's letter to Thomson which he gives. He adds a note :—

"This song Mr. Thomson has not adopted in his collection. It deserves however to be preserved." Burns writes to Thomson, "In my very early years" (it was only six years before, when Burns was twenty-seven, but by 1792, when he was thirty-three, he was probably feeling prematurely old) "when I was

¹ Currie, 'and' for 'old.'

² Currie, 'Atlantic's' for 'Atlantic.'

³ Currie, 'I hae' for 'I've.'

⁴ Currie, 'troth' for 'truth.'

thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl. It is quite trifling, and has nothing of the merit of Ewe-bughts ; but it will fill up this page. You must know, that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and thought it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them, their uncouth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their *race*."

The song which Burns thus refers to as 'the legend of my heart' does not appear in the Common-place Book till after August 10, 1789, more than three years after it was written.

Can Burns be using "a little mystification"? Can this song, and all of those directly referring to Highland Mary, with the possible exception of 'My Highland Lassie O,' which he is said on not very certain evidence to have sent to her, and which her parents are believed to have taught their grandchildren, really date from the present period of Burns's life? By that time the wounds of his heart, which were too fresh to coin into words, had been cicatrised, and the 'tender shade' of Mary as he saw her on that memorable Sabbath-day, seemed to permit him to utter his feelings in 'My Mary in Heaven' and 'Ye banks and braes.' Till Mr. Scott Douglas investigated the dates (vol. iv., pp. 120-130), most editors of Burns had concurred in fixing the time of the episode of Highland Mary somewhere about 1784. There is now no question that it was in 1786. There is no proof that Burns ever dreamt of going to the West Indies till the fact that Jean Armour was with child to him and that her parents were furious, drove the friendless and poverty-stricken young man to think banishment his only refuge. At that time he was twenty-seven, and his own words, "in very early life, before I was known at all in the world,"¹ are perfectly appropriate,

for even the Kilmarnock edition (31st July, 1786) was not yet published when Burns parted from Highland Mary.

Mary Campbell was a nurserymaid in Gavin Hamilton's family in Mauchline. The date of Burns's first acquaintance with Jean Armour is fixed by her own statements to Robert Chambers. Burns came to Mossiel at Whitsunday, 1784, and the annual Mauchline 'races,' — which were 'coming on apace' on April 20th, 1786,—were no doubt over before Whitsunday. Burns, however, may have attended them from Lochlea, five miles away, and the story of his collie dog following him, as it would naturally do on an excursion like that from Lochlea to Mauchline, makes 1784 as possible a date as 1785. Jean first met Burns at the 'penny dance' at the races either of 1784 or 1785, but they were not then partners. Some amusement seems to have been created by Burns's collie dog tracking his footsteps through the room, and he was heard to remark to his partner that "he wished he could get any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did." A few weeks afterwards, probably after he had come to Mossiel in 1784, Jean was washing clothes at the public green when Burns passed with his collie, and she greeted him with the question, 'Have you nofa'n in wi' a lass yet to like you as weel as your dog?' Soon after, their intimacy began. Jean's father's house was just behind Johnnie Doo's inn, the 'Whitefoord Arms,' where Burns often attended as president of a Bachelor's Club, and they may have 'forgathered' not unfrequently. In my opinion the question whether the lovers' acquaintance began in 1784 or 1785 is decided by the poems. 'My Davie and my Jean' are mentioned in the epistle to Davie, brother poet, the principal part of which Gilbert Burns thinks he heard Robert repeat in 1784. The MS. is dated January, 1785 (Paterson's edition, i. 88). Burns himself puts January after the poem in the Kilmarnock edition, and January,

¹ Note to 'My Highland Lassie O,' in the Glenriddell MSS. The poem was first published in Johnson's *Museum*, vol. ii., the preface of which is dated March 1, 1788.

1785, on the copy he sent to Mr. Aiken. Mr. Scott Douglas conjectures that the poem which was presented to Aiken in 1786 was not then finished, and did not contain the three closing verses dedicated to Jean (iv. 129, 130). But these verses do not give the impression of an awkward appendix. They are in their natural place, and seem no after-thought. It is very unlikely besides that Burns should have spent a year at Mossiel before making the acquaintance of the prettiest and most charming of the six 'proper young belles,' 'the pride of the place and the neeborhood a.'

From a remarkable letter to Mr. Arnot of Dalquatswood, first published in Paterson's edition, iv. 115, it seems to me likely that their intercourse may have been interrupted by her friends about the close of the year 1785. When the consequences became certain (letter to Richmond, February 17), Lockhart tells us that 'the announcement of Miss Armour's condition staggered him like a blow.' He saw nothing for it but to fly the country at once (letter to James Smith, Mauchline, Paterson's edition, iv. 108, date not given). At the end of this note he adds, "If you see Jean, tell her I will meet her, so help me God, in my hour of need." The lovers met accordingly, and in spite of what he had said in the letter to Smith— "Against two things I am fixed as fate—staying at home; and owning her conjugally"—he agreed, probably at Jean's entreaty, to give her a writing "making an honest woman of her," constituting an irregular marriage according to Scotch law, and legitimising her unborn children. Jean had doubtless acted without the consent of her friends. Gilbert Burns tells us that when old Mr. Armour—a well-to-do master mason—first learned the position of affairs, "he was in the greatest distress and fainted away." Mrs. Armour seems to have been as thoroughly hostile to Burns as her husband (Burns to Richmond, 30th July, 1786). Under the pres-

sure of her friends, poor Jean at last consented to allow the two names to be erased from the document proving her irregular marriage, by Mr. Aiken, writer in Ayr, an intimate friend of Burns, whom he almost thought of disowning for his share in the transaction. This was on April 13th, and it was in a letter on April 14th to Mr. Ballantine, giving him the news of the erasure, that the poet first changed his signature from Burness to Burns, which he used ever afterwards. Aiken, the Armours, and Burns were all probably under the impression that the written evidence of an irregular marriage having been destroyed, the marriage itself was annulled. The parish minister, "Daddy Auld," or "Apostle Auld," who sided, no doubt, heartily with the Armours, insisted that Burns should mount the 'stool of repentance.' Before marching off to occupy that bad eminence, Burns writes:—

"9th July, 1786," that "the priest, I am informed, will give me a certificate as a single man, if I comply with the rules of the Church, which for that very reason I intend to do."

To make this public confession of his fault was to clinch the denial of the marriage, the fact of which was certainly known to the Armours, Burns, and Aiken, and probably to the minister. Jean and her family insisted on her occupying the place of penitence by his side.

"The minister," Burns says, iv. p. 135, "would not allow it, which bred a great trouble, I assure you, and I am blamed as the cause of it, though I am sure I am innocent; but I am very much pleased, for all that, not to have had her company. I do this," he says, "to get a certificate as a bachelor, which Mr. Auld has promised me. I am now fixed to go for the West Indies in October."

It was during this eventful period that the episode of Highland Mary occurred. From the beginning of 1786, till after the middle of February, Burns was apparently under the heaviest displeasure of Jean's friends; and from the 13th of April onwards he certainly looked upon

himself as being as much a bachelor as he had been before he gave Jean the writing in February, the marriage which he had consented to as a reparation to her having been annulled by her act. He was deeply wounded, and called her perjured and ingrate. If it was begun before 13th April, as seems likely from his expression, "a pretty long trial of mutual attachment" before 14th May, when the lovers parted for ever, there is no reason to doubt that the episode of Highland Mary was interrupted during the brief period when he was really Jean Armour's lawful but unknown husband. Burns's first resolution 'not to own Jean conjugal' was probably influenced by the secret love which had grown up in his heart for the sweet and innocent girl whose parents were not, like Jean's, in a station to despise him. But after his secret contract of marriage, which had lasted two months, had been broken off, Burns writes in the letter to Mr. Ballantine—14th April, 1786:—

"Would you believe it? Though I had not a hope nor even a wish to make her mine after her conduct, yet when he" ('old Mr. Armour, who prevailed with Aiken to mutilate that unhappy paper yesterday') "told me the names were cut out of the paper, my heart died within me, and he cut my veins with the news. Perdition seize her falsehood!"—ROBT. BURNS."

It is in April, 1786—apparently from internal evidence only—that Mr. Scott Douglas dates the letter to Mr. Arnot (iv. p. 115), inclosing a subscription list (printed April 14th). He says there—

"I have lost, sir, that dearest earthly treasure, that greatest blessing here below, that last, best gift which completed Adam's happiness in the garden of bliss. I have lost—I have lost—my trembling hand refuses its office—the frightened ink recoils up the quill—tell it not in Gath—I have lost—a—a—a wife!"

"Fairest of God's creation, last and best!
'Now art thou lost.'

"There is a pretty large portion of Bedlam in the composition of a poet at any time, but on this occasion," he goes on to say, "I was nine parts and nine tenths out of ten, stark, staring mad."

The state of his mind, which he pictures in this letter in very rhapsodic language, is explained seriously enough, and no doubt with perfect accuracy, in the three passionate poems—*The Lament*, "Occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a Friend's" (his own) "*Amour*"—"Despondency, an Ode"—and "*To Ruin*," all published in the Kilmarnock edition, the first complete copy of which was issued on July 31st. His feeling to Jean is expressed with equal truth and tenderness in the fifth verse of *The Lament*—

Oh! can she bear so base a heart
So lost to honour, lost to truth,
As from the fondest lover part,
The plighted husband of her youth?
Alas, life's path may be unsmooth!
Her way may lie thro' rough distress!
Then, when her pangs and pains will soothe
Her sorrows share, and make them less?

That 'lovely gem' the *Daisy* was sent to his friend Kennedy a week after the mutilation of 'the lines,' and it is impossible not to read through the last four verses the pitiful story which was tearing at his heart-strings.

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd,
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
Andwhelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the *Daisy's* fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

The third verse no doubt refers to his father.

These were his feelings immediately after the blow fell, but he tells his

correspondent Arnot—probably late in April, but certainly after the 14th—

"A storm naturally overblows itself. My spent passions gradually sank into a lurid calm, and by degrees I have subsided into the time-settled sorrow of the sable widower, who, wiping away the decent tears, lifts up his grief-worn eyes to look—for another wife—

"Such is the state of man : to-day he buds His tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms, And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost, And nips his root, and then he falls as I do."

"Such, sir, has been this fatal era of my life—And it came to pass, that when I looked for sweet, behold bitter ; and for light, behold darkness." He adds, "by and by, I intend to earth among the mountains of Jamaica."

It was within 'a little month' (13th April—14th May) from the crisis which had separated him from his Jean after she and her friends had flung aside the arm she had asked him to lend her for her life's support, that he and Highland Mary met by the winding Ayr,

To live one day of parting love.

What Mary knew of his story it is vain to conjecture. His little daughter by Bess Paton had been living with Burns's mother and sisters during the two years the family had been in Mossgiel, and Mary must have known the fact. The open rupture between him and Jean Armour and Jean Armour's family, stretching probably from the beginning of the year, must have been familiar to everybody in his own station in life in or near the little country village. In the end of March, Jean had been sent out of the way to stay with friends in Paisley, from which she did not return till June 9th. The reason was probably as clear to the women of Mauchline as the explanation of Gretchen's frailty to the gossips at the well. Whatever was known or told to her on that Sunday, which was in fact a last farewell, Robert Burns and Mary Campbell pledged each other's hearts on the Banks of the Ayr. There is not a shadow

of reason for disturbing the picture which Cromeek first painted of their parting vows and the Bibles interchanged by the lovers across running water, with oaths registered for all future time in that which Burns gave Mary.

"After a pretty long trial," says Burns, "of the most ardent reciprocal affection we met, by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, when we spent a day in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even learn of her illness."

The passage from Hamilton Paul's Memoir, in his edition of 1819, is too charming to be omitted :—

"The scenery of the Ayr from Sorn to the ancient burgh at its mouth, though it may be equalled in grandeur, is scarcely anywhere surpassed in beauty. To trace its meanders, to wander around its green woods, to lean over its precipitous and rocky banks, to explore its coves, to survey its Gothic towers, and to admire its modern edifices, is not only highly delightful but truly inspiring. Let the traveller from Ayr to Mauchline pause at the spot where the Fail disengages itself into the Ayr, let him take his station near the neat little cottage on the sloping green at the side of the wood, and let him cast his eyes across the stream where the trees recede from one another and form a vista on the grey rocks which, mantled over with laughing shrubs, wild roses, heath, and honeysuckle, project from the opposite side, and we tell him that *there or thereabout*, Burns took the last farewell of his 'sweet Highland Mary.' The 'Castle of Montgomery,' which with its 'banks and braes and streams around,' forms a distinguished accessory of that distressingly tender ballad, is Coilsfield, one of the seats of the Earls of Eglinton."

It was probably to make assurance that he was now a single man doubly sure that Burns submitted to the public rebuke on July 9th which was to enable the 'minister' to give him a certificate as a bachelor. That exposure, and the birth of Burns's twin children by Jean Armour on September 3rd, on the very day when he was listening to the sermon of 'the Calf' and making its

unfortunate preacher immortal, may have shaken Mary Campbell's intention or induced her friends to dissuade her from going to the West Indies with him, for the present at least, as his wife.

All through the summer the bitterness between the Armours and Burns increased. On 12th June he writes of Jean to his friend Brice with great tenderness, praying—

" May Almighty God forgive her ingratitude and perjury to me, as I from my very soul forgive her; and may His grace be with her and bless her in all her future life! . . . And now for a grand cure; the ship is on her way home that is to take me out to Jamaica, and then farewell, dear old Scotland! and farewell, dear, ungrateful Jean! for never, never will I see you more."

Before 9th July he had waited on Jean on her return from Paisley, but "the mother forbade me the house, nor did Jean show that penitence that might have been expected." On July 22nd he transferred all his effects in Scotland by a legal instrument to his brother Gilbert in behalf of his 'sweet wee Bettie,' and to disappoint the Armours, who meant to seize the expected proceeds of his Kilmarnock edition for the support of their daughter's unborn child. On 30th July he writes that—

" Within three weeks at farthest" he has orders to go aboard the *Nancy*, Captain Smith, from Clyde for Jamaica, but he tells his correspondent Richmond that "except for himself and Smith this is a secret about Mauchline."

He adds that—

" Armour has got a warrant to throw me in jail till I find security for an enormous sum. This they keep an entire secret, but I got it by a channel they little dream of; and I am wandering from one friend's house to another."

His book appeared on 31st July. On August 16th he expects to call on his friend Kennedy at Dumfries House, "and take a kind, very probably a last adieu, before I go for Jamaica; and I expect orders to repair to Greenock every day." On the 14th August his plans are deranged—the people to whom he is engaged won't send him with Smith, "but a vessel sails from Greenock the 1st of September, right

for the place of my destination." On the 19th he sends another farewell to another friend. For some reason he did not sail on the 1st. He writes on the 8th September:—"I believe all hopes of staying at home will be abortive," but promises a visit at Kilmarnock for about the 15th. On the 26th he writes to his cousin at Montrose:—"My departure is uncertain, but I do not think it will be till after harvest," and promises a visit unless he is on a shorter allowance of time than he expects. Shortly after—I conjecture a week or ten days after the 6th October, which in the letter he calls 't'other day,' when he had settled accounts with his first printer, Wilson of Kilmarnock,—he writes to his friend Aiken:—

" I have been feeling all the various rotations and movements within, respecting the Excise. There are many things plead strongly against it;" including "the consequences of my follies, which may perhaps make it impracticable for me to stay at home."

He adds—

" All these reasons urge me to go abroad, and to all these reasons I have only one answer—the feelings of a father. This, in the present mood I am in, overbalances everything that can be laid in the scale against it."

His Kilmarnock edition had been practically sold out by the end of August, and the 20th. he obtained from it would have made it easy for him to have carried out his idea of going to Jamaica without apprenticing himself to his future master to pay for his passage, as he seems at one time to have intended. But after that to Aiken, his letters suddenly drop all mention of the subject. Two things probably determined the change—the death of his betrothed wife, with, or perhaps without whom he was to have sailed 'across the Atlantic roar,' and, as he mentions in his Autobiography, Dr. Blacklock's letter dated September 4th, but not handed to Burns till somewhere not far from the end of the month. To show this I must ask my readers' attention to a brief discussion of the dates.

We owe the only trustworthy information about Mary to the industry of Robert Chambers. She was a nurse-maid to Gavin Hamilton's son Alexander, born in July, 1785, and she saw him through several stages of infancy before leaving his house. Her father was a sailor in a revenue cutter, stationed at Campbeltown, near the southern end of Cantire. She had spent some of her early years at Loch Ranza, in the family of the Rev. David Campbell, a relation of her mother's. She left Burns on May 14th, no doubt for Campbeltown, where she spent the summer. It is believed that she had letters from him, and the two songs, "My Highland Lassie, O," and "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary," are likely enough to have been sent to her there. Her mother's cousin was a Mrs. Macpherson, in Greenock. Her brother was to be apprenticed to Mr. Macpherson, who was a ship-carperter, and in the autumn Mary accompanied him to Greenock. Before leaving home she had agreed to take a place in Glasgow at Martinmas, so that she had then given up the idea of sailing with Burns, though she may have been still willing to marry him before he left Scotland. After his apprentice supper, her brother became ill, and Mary nursed him and caught a fever, which hurried her in a few days to the grave. Before the boy sickened, Macpherson had '*agreed* to purchase a *lair* in the kirkyard,' and it is likely enough that the purchase of the *lair*, which is registered on October 12th, 1786, may have been completed between her death and her funeral. It was almost certainly concluded before the funeral, and a mere agreement to purchase is not likely to have been completed by a superstitious Highlander while the boy or Mary was lying ill, and the issue uncertain. I think the evidence of the burial *lair* points to Mary's death as somewhere about October 12th.

The story of the immortal verses "To Mary in Heaven," was given by

Mrs. Burns to Mr. McDiarmid. Burns had spent one day in the usual work of harvest, apparently in excellent spirits.

"But as the twilight deepened he appeared to grow 'very sad about something,' and at length wandered out into the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he promised compliance; but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon,' and prevailed on him to come in,"

—when he called for his desk and wrote out the poem at once nearly as it now stands. Robert Chambers argues elaborately, vol. iii. Appendix, that the date must have been about the 20th October, 1789. Clearly, in spite of the opening verse, Burns *imagined* the beautiful planet which burned upon his "heart of pain," ushering in the next morning, and dying out in the dawn. On 21st September the sun set at six, and Venus forty-four minutes later. On the 21st October the sun set at 4:53, and Venus sixty-three minutes later, and the moon was four days old and within eight diameters of Venus. On the 12th of October, in the west, Professor Piazzi Smyth obligingly informs me, after the sun went down, Venus ought to have been seen, being almost at greatest elongation East of Sun, but she was so far down South of the Sun, that she could hardly have been very bright. The moon was then close to its third quarter, crossing the meridian high up at 4 A.M., but having maximum North Declination, it might be seen in the latitude of Edinburgh, rising in the North East at 7 o'clock in the evening. In October Mars was rather too close to the Sun to be visible, except in a telescope. Jupiter was rising in the North East about 6.30 P.M., and afterwards ascended high in the sky, crossing the meridian at 2 A.M. On October 12th, therefore, Jupiter and

the Moon were both visible in the North East after seven, so that there was a beautiful planet 'that shone like another moon' on the 12th as well as on the 21st October. I have not been able to ascertain anything about the frost that had set in, but a touch of frost about that time would be very natural in Scotland. Robert Chambers states, that though Mrs. Burns says "that the frost had set in," yet on his date, the thermometer stood at 59° at Edinburgh at 8 P.M. The night of the 21st was a sultry rather than a frosty October night, and the earlier date of the 12th is far more consistent with a letter on the 21st September, from Sanquhar, which is close to Burns's farm, saying that "while much was cut, very little was yet got in, owing to the bad weather." If much was cut at Sanquhar three weeks before, Monday evening the 12th of October was most likely towards the end of harvest.

If Mary died on 12th October, 1786, Burns no doubt heard of it in Ayrshire by the 14th, for her attachment—indeed her promise—must have been well known to her family. Burns's letter to Aiken, in which he first mentions the Excise, and first seems a little unsettled about the West Indies scheme, may perfectly well be dated after the 14th, without inconsistency with the description of October 6th as 't'other day.' Had he staid at home, Mary might of course have been willing to share his fortunes, but there is no evidence that she ever knew of any change in his intention to emigrate, or that there was any change in it, till the sudden news of her death. Mrs. Begg—his sister—remembers that—

"After the work of the season was over"—and she had, as usual, taken to the *big wheel*, in which either her mother or one of her sisters was assisting her—"Robert and Gilbert being also present, a letter for the former was handed in. He went to the window to open and read it, and she was struck by the look of agony which was the consequence. He went out without uttering a syllable."

Any one who turns to the letter to Aiken will see, I think, that it bears
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the visible seal of thoughts of unwanted gravity, such as a blow like the loss of his secretly-betrothed wife could not fail to bring. On October 14th, his children, whose smiling and helpless infancy made it seem cowardice to desert them, were nearly six weeks old, and his little boy lived in his own family and was daily before his eyes.

If my theory be correct, it seems probable that the song 'Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,' though copied out in the Common-place Book in 1789, was written and probably sent, like 'My Highland Lassie O,' to the living Mary in 1786, who was probably a fairly-educated girl. No poet so absolutely dependent on the spontaneity of his inspiration as Burns was, would have dramatised the sort of song he might have written naturally three years before. When he wrote of Mary after her death, the shadow of his grief is heavy on his heart, and his lyre is tuned to the most mournful and melting music.

The mysterious West Highland journey stands in curious connection with the memory of Highland Mary. Burns was in Mauchline on the 18th of June, 1787, and back in Mossgiel on the 7th of July. He had his favourite mare, Jenny Geddes, with him, so that he was independent of conveyances. He told no one where he was going or what he meant to do. He was at Arrochar, at the head of Loch Long, on June 28th—on his way back from Inverary. He was on Loch Lomond side on the 29th and at Dumbarton on the 30th. I conjecture that he may have ridden down to Ayr and crossed over to Campbeltown with Jenny Geddes in some of the numerous packets plying between two ports not more than forty miles apart. At Campbeltown he might see Mary Campbell's father and mother; and might then easily ride in two days along the wild and beautiful west coast of Cantire, having

before him spread
The deep outstretched and vast.
—*Elegy*, line 54.

and cross over to Inverary, where both the inn and the castle were full of guests with 'more money and less brains.' Two days brought him to Dumbarton, two more would easily take him to Greenock, and one or two more would bring himself and Jenny Geddes back to Mossiel. In all likelihood it was a pilgrimage sacred to the fresh and touching memory of Mary Campbell, undertaken in the hope of gleaning a few withered leaves of her tender remembrance of him, and with the intention of seeing the friends who had loved her and the grave where she lay. Mary's mother spoke afterwards of a visit he had paid her some time after her daughter's death.

I believe Burns's narrative to be perfectly accurate. In accordance with it I suppose the lovers to have changed their first intention and agreed some time between May and October that she should wait for him, either as his betrothed or as his married wife, till he could send for her to the home he hoped to create in the charmed lands of 'the lime and the orange.'

A year after, on 14th June, 1787, an early acquaintance of his, Mr. John Hutchinson, who had gone to reside in the West Indies, wrote to Burns from St. Ann's, Jamaica—

"I received yours wherein you acquaint me you were engaged with Mr. Douglas, Port Antonio, for three years, at thirty pound a year; and am happy that some unexpected accident intervened to prevent your sailing with the vessel, as I have great reason to think Mr. Douglas's employ would by no means have answered your expectations."

This poem is followed by the famous elegy.

Page 36.

ELEGY ON CAPT^Y. MATTHEW HENDERSON—
A Gentleman, who held the Patent for his
immediately
Honors & from Almighty God!

Printed Vol. 3. pa. 306.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew was a bright man;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless

But now his radiant course is run
For Matthew's course was bright :
His soul was like the glorious Sun,
A matchless Heavenly light !

O Death, thy tyrant fell and bloody !
The meikle devil wi' a woodie,
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurchein hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie,
Wi' thy auld sides !

He's gane ! He's gane ! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born !
Thee, Matthew, woods and wilds¹ shall
mourn,
Wi' a' their birth ;
For whunstane man to grieve wad scorn,
For poor, plain WORTH.—

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns
That proudly cock your cresting cairns ;
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where Echo slumbers ;
Come join, ye Nature's sturdies bairns,
My wailing numbers.—

Page 37.

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens ;
Ye hazelly² shaws, and brierie³ dens ;
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens
Frae lin to lin.—

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea³ ;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnie
In scented bowers³ ;
Ye roses on your thorny tree
The first o' flowers.—

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Drops with a diamond at its head ;
At even, when beams their fragrance shed
I th' rustling gale ;
Ye maukins whidin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.—

Mourn, ye wee sangsters⁴ o' the wood ;
Ye grouns⁴ that crop the heather bud ;
Ye curlews skirlin⁴ thro' a clud ;
Ye whistlin pliver⁴ ;
And mourn, ye birrin⁴ patrick brood,
He's gane for ever.—

¹ Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

² 'Hazly' and 'briery' instead of 'hazelly' and 'brierie.'

³ 'Lee' and 'bow'r's' for 'lea' and 'bowers.'

⁴ Burns prints 'songsters' for 'sangsters,' 'grouns' for 'grouns,' 'calling' for 'skirlin,' 'plover' for 'pliver,' and 'whirring' for 'birrin.'

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teal ;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
 Ye deuk¹ and drake, with airy wheels
 Circling the lake ;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rowt² for his sake.—

Page 38.

Mourn, clamouring³ craiks at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flowering⁴ claver gay ;
 And when ye wing your annual way
 Frael our cauld shore,
 Tell thaefar warldis, what lies in clay,
 Whom⁵ we deplore.

 Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,⁶
 In some auld tree, or aulder⁷ tower,
 What time the moon wi' silent glowl
 Sets up her horn,
 Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour,
 Till waukife morn.—

O rivers, forests,⁸ hills, and plains !
 Oft have ye heard my rustic⁹ strains :
 But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ;
 And frae my een the drapping rains
 Must¹⁰ ever flow !

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year ;
 Lik cowslip cup shall kep a tear :
 Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flowry¹¹ tresses shear,
 For him that's dead.—

Thou Autumnn, wi' thy yellow hair,
 In grief thy sallow mantle tear :
 Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
 The roaring blast,
 Wide o'er the naked world declare,
 The worth we've lost.—

Page 39.

Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light :
 Mourn, Empress of the silent night ;
 And you, ye twinklin starnies bright,
 My Matthew mourn ;
 For thro' your orbs he's taen his flight
 Ne'er to return—

O Henderson !¹² the Man ! the Brother !
 And art thou gone, and gone for ever !
 And hast thou crost that unknown river,
 Life's dreary bound !
 Like thee where shall I find another,
 The world around !

¹ 'Duck' for 'deuk,' and 'Rair' for 'Rowt.'
² 'Clam'ring' for 'clamouring,' 'flow'ring' for 'flowering,' and 'wham' for 'whom.'

³ 'Bow'r' for 'bower,' and 'eldritch' for 'aulder.'

⁴ 'Forrests' for 'forests,' 'canty' for 'rustic,' and 'maun' for 'must.'

⁵ 'Flow'ry' for 'flowery.'

⁶ H for Henderson.

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great
 In a' the tinsel trash of State !
 But by thy honest turf I'll wait
 Thou Man of WORTH
 And weep the ae best fellow's fate
 E'er lay in earth !

THE EPITAPH.—

Stop, Passenger ! my story's brief
 And truth I shall relate, man ;
 I tell nae common tale of grief,
 For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
 Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man
 A look of pity hither cast,
 For Matthew was a poor man.—

Page 40.

If thou a noble sodger art,
 That pascest by this grave, man
 There moulderis here a gallant heart,
 For Matthew was a brave man.—

If thou on men, their warks¹³ and ways,
 Can't throw uncommon light, man ;
 Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
 For Matthew was a bright man.—

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'
 Wouldst¹⁴ life itself resign, man ;
 Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
 For Matthew was a kind man.—

If thou art staunch, without a stain,
 Like the unchanging blue, man ;
 This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
 For Matthew was a true man.—

If thou hast wit, and fun and fire,
 And ne'er guide wine did fear, man
 This was thy billie, dam and sire
 For Matthew was a queer man.—

If ony whiggish, whingin sot
 To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
 May dool and sorrow be his lot,
 For Matthew was a rare Man !

Burns printed the elegy in the edition of 1793 (I note the variations from the reprint in 1797), giving M——H—— instead of Matthew Henderson. The italics and capitals as printed are occasionally different from those in the Common-place Book.

Burns sent this poem in a letter to Mr. Robert Cleghorn, farmer, Saughton Mains, near Edinburgh, on July 23rd, 1790. He says—

" You know Matthew Henderson. At the time of his death " (Nov. 1788) " I composed

¹ 'Works' for 'warks,' 'wad' for 'wouldst.'

an elegiac stanza or two, as he was a man I much regarded; but something came in my way, so that the design of an elegy to his memory I gave up. Meeting with the fragment the other day, among some old waste papers, I tried to finish the piece, and have this moment put the last hand to it. This I am going to write you is the first fair copy of it. Let me know how you like it."

Mr. Scott Douglas gives the variations between this version, and that of the edition of 1793. Burns prefixed to the poem the motto of Hamlet's question to Horatio, "Should the poor be flattered?" — Shakspeare." The variation noted in the second stanza is the same as that in the Common-place Book. The others agree substantially with those I have given, but Burns seems first to have written,

Wimplin down the glens
At toddlin leisure
Or o'er the linns, wi' hasty steps
Flinging your treasure.

The two closing verses of the elegy and the epitaph are absent from the version sent to Mr. Cleghorn.

On August 2nd, 1790, Burns sent another copy to Mr. McMurdo of Drumlanrig, in which he says, "You knew Henderson—I have not flattered his memory." Mr. Scott Douglas conjectures that the expression refers to the motto from Shakspeare. Allan Cunningham had this copy in his possession. It seems to have been substantially the same as that sent to Mr. Cleghorn, but to have been completed by the two last stanzas of the elegy and by the epitaph. In both this and another MSS. copy he had seen belonging to Mrs. Stewart of Afton, the motto beginning,—

But now his radiant course is run,
'formed the last verse of the epitaph
and closed the subject very beautifully.' The version in the Common-place Book is obviously later than either, being nearer the version published by the poet himself in 1793.

Burns also sent a copy to Dr. Moore in 1791. Dr. Moore did not like the elegy, though he admired the epitaph, and he advised his correspondent, "to use the modern English," as he had

"shown his powers in Scottish sufficiently."

After the most industrious research very little is known of Matthew Henderson. In the subscription-list of the Edinburgh edition we find "Matthew Henderson, Esq., four copies." Allan Cunningham says that

"Mrs. Burns had only heard of his name, and Mr. McMurdo remembered him as an agreeable and worthy man, but knew nothing of his lineage." Sir Thomas Wallace told Allan Cunningham that he was "intimate with Henderson, and much attached to him, as all who knew him were. During the stay of Burns in Edinburgh, the captain lived in High Street, and dined regularly at Fortune's tavern, and was a member of the Capillaire Club, which was composed of all who inclined to the witty and the joyous."

"With his family," says Sir Thomas, "I was not acquainted, but he was a gentleman of true principles and probity, and for abilities, goodness of heart, gentleness of nature, sprightly wit and sparkling humour would have been an honour to any family in the land."

It seems that he was the owner of a small property at the head of Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh, where he lived and died on 21st November, 1788. He was interred in Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh, and the entry in the burial registers is "Captain Matthew Henderson of Tunnoch-side; buried 27th November, 1788: Place of Interment, 6 D paces South Pitcairlie's tomb—Old A"(ge).

The last insertion in the Common-place Book appears after p. 40, and fills up the void between it and p. 59. It seems to have been a draft of the original letter, for there is no date to it—though it is endorsed on the back in a clerky hand, "Epitaph on Robert Ferguson, the poet with the letter that accompanied it, xx. I." The letter is written on the whole side of the page opposite 40, and is as follows :—

"To the Honorable the Baillies¹ of the Canongate, Edinburgh,
Gentlemen,

I am sorry to be told that the remains of Robert Ferguson, the so justly cele-

¹ 'Baillies for Baillies.'

for ages to come
brated Poet, a man whose talents will
do honor for ages to come, to our Cale-
in your churchyard
domian name, lie among the ignoble
Dead unnoticed and unknown in your
Churchyard.—Some memorial to direct
the steps of the Lovers of Scottish
Song, when they wish to shed a grate-
ful tear over the “Narrow house” of
the Bard who is now no more, is surely
tribute
a-debt due to Ferguson’s memory : a
tribute
debt I wish to have the honor of pay-
ing.—I petition you then, Gentlemen,
your
for permit me for a permission¹
to allow to lay a simple stone over his
revered ashes, to remain an unalien-
able property to his deathless fame.—

I have the honor to be,
Gentlemen,

Your very humble servant,
ROBERT BURNS.”

Note in the hand of the annotator—Liberty
was granted and he erected the stone which is
to be seen there.

Currie gives the minute of Sederunt
of the managers of the Kirkyard, from
which we learn that Burns’s letter
was dated February 6th, 1787. The
minute says “of which letter the
tenor was as follows.”

The epitaph as sent in to the Baillies
is given on the back of the letter facing
p. 59 of the Common-place Book. It
is as follows :—

Epitaph

Here lies the remains of Robert Ferguson,
Poet. He was born 5th Sept. 1751, and
died 16th Oct. 1774.

No pageant bearings² here nor pompous lay,
“No story’d urn nor animated bust;”
This simple stone directs old³ Scotia’s way
To pour her sorrows o’er her⁴ Poet’s dust.

She mourns, sweet, tuneful youth, thy hapless
fate,
Tho’ all the pow’rs of song thy fancy fir’d,
Yet Luxury and Wealth lay by in State,
And thankless starv’d what they so much
admir’d.

This humble tribute with a tear he gives,
A brother Bard, he can no more bestow ;
But dear to fame thy Song immortal lives
A nobler monument than Art can show.

Whether Burns himself made the
alterations on the single stanza which
appears on the stone, it is impossible
to say. The managers suppressed the
two last stanzas—probably as at once
a reflection on persons of wealth and
social position scarcely decorous from
a comparatively young man, and as
an assumption of the name ‘A brother
Bard,’ which Burns was hardly entitled
to take till the verdict of Edinburgh
had confirmed the impressions of
Kilmarnock.

The Common-place Book closes with
this touching epitaph for the grave of
a poet who had he survived would only
have been eight years senior to Burns,
and who was cut off at twenty-three.
There is little wonder that the verses
of the boy poet should have thrilled
to the heart of one who had so much
in common with him as Burns, and
whose hapless fate was so mournful a
presage of his own. There are innumerable
anticipations in Ferguson on
the forms into which Burns threw
many of his own poems.

Had the managers of the Kirkyard
allowed the second verse of the epitaph
to appear, one wonders whether the
Wealth and Luxury of Edinburgh and
Scottish society would have tamely
endured to see another object of their
barren admiration drift down the
stream of poverty and neglect till
his own failings brought him to an
end almost as tragical as “poor Bob
Ferguson’s.” It is probable that they
would, for “the thing that hath been it
is that which shall be, and that which
is done is that which shall be done, and
there is no new thing under the sun.”

WILLIAM JACK.

¹ ‘To permit me’ for ‘your permission.’

² The Minute gives ‘sculptured marble’ in-
stead of ‘pageant bearings,’ ‘storied’ for
‘story’d,’ ‘pale’ for ‘old,’ and ‘the’ for
‘her.’

A DOUBTING HEART.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE yellow sunshine did not continue to vex Emmie's eyes through the journey. About noon the sky clouded over, and when they entered London a soft drizzle of rain was falling, making the wet flags and sooty trees of the squares they drove through dismally familiar. It might as well have been a November as a May afternoon for anything they saw, except when a basket of dank primroses poised on the drenched bonnet of a flower-girl was obtruded into the cab window. Yet the sense of familiarity was lost in a growing awe as the distance from Saville Street lessened.

Dr. Urquhart had met them at the station, and his black dress and the little sentences he let fall during the drive brought the facts of her father's death and that this was his funeral day home to Emmie in a way they had hardly come before. She began to realise fully that there would be a face and figure less in the familiar house she was approaching, a face she had been used to see there all her life on which her eyes would never fall again; and it shocked her to hear Dr. Urquhart speaking of this absence as of something to which every one at home had already grown accustomed.

"Aubrey," he said, "had come from school and was to have a fortnight's holiday before he went back again, and Mrs. West had promised to take tea down stairs that evening. Miss Moore, too, was returning from Zurich and might arrive to-morrow. Mildred had written on her own responsibility to beg her to come home; nobody quite knew why, since she certainly would not be wanted now. The worst time was over, Dr. Urquhart said he ventured

to hope. It had been a very sad time, but the house would brighten up and every one feel better when once Miss West was in her right place among them all again."

Emmie turned her head away rather petulantly when Dr. Urquhart said this. She meant, oh yes, she meant to get back into her old place, her right place, and do the best she could for them all, but he need not have said it with that smile of satisfaction lurking under his grave manner. It was not his place, she thought with a little unreasonable anger, to hold up before her all the efforts she would have to make and must begin to make in another quarter of an hour. He need not have told her at this overwhelming moment that they all expected so much from her.

The hearse and the two carriages that were to follow it were already standing before the door in Saville Street when the cab drove up, and the house was pervaded by the dreary bustle and solemn fuss that houses of mourning (even humble ones) cannot escape at such times.

Sir Francis felt greatly shocked when he perceived that the coffin was actually on its way down stairs as they entered the hall. It could not be helped. The afternoon was wearing away and the undertaker's men were in a hurry and did not see why more time than was absolutely necessary should be given to such a poor show as this. Sir Francis would have drawn Emmie hastily into the dining-room to save her as much of the sad encounter as possible, but she gently resisted his intention.

"Let me," she pleaded, "let me go to meet it at the foot of the stairs. You know it is all of him I shall have seen and I should like to say good-bye. I

will not hinder the men more than a minute."

Casabianca and the Gentle Lamb had been out that morning and spent the last sixpence of Mr. Anstice's magnificent tip in buying at a little shop near, a dusty wreath of *immortelles* with "*Reguescat in Pace*" worked in black among the yellow flowers to put upon the coffin. Emmie took two or three faded blossoms out of her bosom and laid them in the centre of the wreath.

"Papa," she whispered, leaning her forehead against the black pall as if she were whispering to the still form inside, "I will give them to you. I will not keep them to look at and cry over. I never gave you anything I cared about very much before, but with these to take away with you you will understand that I am glad you are resting, and that I will try to think of nothing but comforting mamma and working for the younger ones now you are gone—of nothing else."

Mildred was waiting on the landing to seize upon Emmie as she came up, and she carried her straight to her mother's room. Mrs. West gave a cry of joy and held out her arms, and for a little while at least Emmie did succeed in forgetting everything else in the caresses and tender talk that followed. Certainly no one wanted her so much as these, no one else needed her greatly. The thought had a sting of pain in it just now, but that would pass, and by and by she should find in it the comfort and rest it surely ought to give her.

"Mother," Dr. Urquhart said that evening when all the bustle was over, and they were shut up in the drawing-room together; "well, mother, how do you think she is looking?"

"Very tired and out of heart, poor child."

"Yes, yes, that one expects; but mother, did you see that she was wearing the Cairngorm brooch to-day? I caught a glimpse of it when we were driving in the cab; and when she came

in to say good-night to you I made sure you must have seen it."

"Yes, I saw it."

"Well" (a little impatiently) "well, mother?"

"Oh, I understand what you are wanting me to say, Graham, but you shall not frighten me; I don't see how there can be a doubt about it, on such a journey. She is very much changed."

"Sweeter than ever—that's all."

"No, it is not all; you had better let me say out my thought. Yes, she struck me as very much changed. She went away a child and she has come back a woman, and, Graham, my dear son, that does not happen in four months of a girl's life for nothing. Something has happened to alter her, to make her grow up all at once, and you have had nothing to do with it."

"How do you know that, mother? You are more observing than I in most cases, I allow, but perhaps in this one my own experience of the past four months may teach me something. Are absence and suspense nothing to change one and make one grow rapidly older? Do you suppose that I have not been suffering? No, I am not imagining that she cares as I do; but even a little of what I have gone through lately would be enough to change any one. May it not be that?"

Mrs. Urquhart shook her head.

"If you ask me I must tell you the truth, and I don't think it is *that*. I don't believe she wears my brooch to-day because I gave it her, or because it has anything to do with you. She had forgotten that she had it on while she was talking to us."

"And you think some one else—"

"Nay, I did not say so; and now I wish I had held my tongue for to-night. We shall have time enough to judge before anything need be changed. You have quite decided that we take on the house for ourselves, and when it is ours they can fix a time for removal at their leisure; we shall be in no hurry to turn them out."

"Turn them out! mother!!"

"Don't glare at me, Graham, as if I had said something preposterous. You can't imagine that I who have gone through it all myself would be hard on a widow and orphans. Mrs. West, poor thing, would be welcome to live in this house all the rest of her life as far as I am concerned, but she and her children must have their choice. The hardest thing of all sometimes is to force on helpless people obligations that they are perhaps wanting to escape from. You would not like Emmie to be driven into a corner and be obliged to take *you* whether she is ready for it or not, to put a roof over her mother's and her brothers' and sister's heads?"

"Mother, you drive me wild with such a suggestion."

"It is a very obvious one, however, my dear Graham, and must occur to every one directly you begin to talk of the whole family living on here permanently in your house. I only made it to show you the folly of rushing upon rash acts of generosity. If you want to be of real service, and to win Emmie round, you must let things take their natural course for a while, and wait patiently."

"Wait, and let the some one else you hint at win her from me. I had no idea you could be so unreasonable, mother; and all the while I am certain you are misjudging her, and that she put on the brooch to show—" but his voice grew shaky and he stopped.

"I wish we had not begun to talk to-night," said Mrs. Urquhart, penitently. "It has been a trying day, and we are both over-excited, and I'm sorry to say, Graham, quite a pile of notes and letters have accumulated on your desk since morning. You had better go and look them over and calm yourself. As I said before, we have plenty of time. The question of moving will hardly suggest itself till the end of the quarter; we can let everything stand over till then, at all events."

Stand over! Dr. Urquhart walked off to his writing-table and his letters,

convinced, as he had never felt before, that his mother was indeed getting old, and losing the power of estimating the great events of life reasonably. She could plunge such a sword as that in his heart; could hint that Emmie's heart was preoccupied, and that at best she might be won round to take him as a *pis aller*, and she could then take up her knitting and advise him to go away and calm himself.

"Evidently," he thought bitterly, "it was not a matter of life or death to her; it would not make her world come to an end, if Emmie West slipped out of their lives altogether. She had even forgotten that such things ever were matters of life or death, on which all the world worth living for hung."

As Dr. Urquhart broke open his notes, and read complaints and summonses from his patients to come and cure them, he doubted for the first time in his life of the dignity of a profession whose aim was to enable human creatures to live long enough to arrive at such a miserable state of apathy.

The effort of writing answers and planning the next day's work did him good, however, and so far mollified his feelings towards his mother, that when he came out from behind his curtain, he was glad to see her still sitting by the fire. His confidence had all died out now, and given place to a burning indignation against the individual, a worthless idler, no doubt, who had been playing with Emmie's heart, and spoiling it for him, while he had been working so hard to deserve her, and he wanted to have his faith in himself and her restored by another argument.

Mrs. Urquhart had waited for a last word, but her conscience would not let it be a concession to hope about Emmie.

"My dear Graham," she began, pointing to a page of her open Bible, "will you just look and see if the date written against that verse is in your father's handwriting? Ah, yes, I thought so. We were reading here on the day of

the last of those funerals before you were born, which emptied our house of all our little ones ; and he marked it that I might remember. It's the answer of the Father in the parable to the eldest son, 'All that I have is thine.' I was in a very rebellious mood that night, not so much on my own account as on his, for he, I thought, deserved blessings if any one did. He had been always diligent in the Father's service, and was he to have nothing of his own while other people, mere squanderers, had presents every day, calves and kids and mirth with their friends ? I broke out with this to him, and he just pointed to that 'all,' and asked me if I did not think that *all* was better than a part. Gifts, something for one's self, are all very well for a time, he said, but still they are only a portion of the Father's wealth, and we do not give portions to those who are nearest us. The higher lot is surely to be let into possession of the 'all,' and have it, as the Father has it, in all. Not single gifts, but the root of joy, as it dwells in the Father, and so to be 'always with Him' whatever happens. Yes, Graham, I know it is difficult to see things that way. One does not get into the first class in the school of the kingdom all at once, and for a long time the single gifts seem far the sweetest. Even the eldest son here, you see, did not understand what it was his Father had given him, but he was the eldest son, and he could not be robbed of his birthright, and allowed to be satisfied with a little instead of all. I don't say one can help grudging sometimes ; but if we could get rightly into our minds that success in getting what one wants is not always a mark of the highest favour — that there is something we can enter into beyond gifts — we should be less tempted to be angry when things go against our will. Don't you think so ? "

Graham did not answer ; his mother did not expect him to speak. It was not his way to let himself be drawn into talk of this kind. She was quite con-

tent that he stood behind her in silence for a few minutes, and that when she got up to go to bed, he took the book from her, and said—

"I think I will look at that date in my father's handwriting once more, if you don't mind leaving it with me for to-night."

CHAPTER XXX.

SUSPENSE.

IT is a common remark that the people who get the most pity are not the chief sufferers ; and it might be added as a parallel truism, that the pity when it is bestowed is seldom given for what the sufferers know to be their most pressing cause of sorrow. Our bitterest tears, our worst moments of pain are so often given to complaints that have too much bare-faced self-love in them to be presented before our critical fellow-creatures, or to be recognised quite nakedly by our own minds, even while we allow them in secret to draw tears of gall from our eyes.

During the weeks that followed her father's funeral, it often troubled Emmie's conscience that she got credit for finer feelings than she deserved ; and that the people about her would set down her silence and quietness and inability to share the outbursts of returning cheerfulness that soon came to the other young ones to the score of a deeper sorrow for the common loss, than her brothers and sister felt.

Mildred, who had been grave and sad enough at first, was capable of being quite elated before the end of the week, over a legacy of old blank books (invaluable for scribbling her compositions) which Mary Anne turned out of one of her father's drawers. Even Harry gradually fell into his old ways, ran up stairs two steps at a time on the afternoon when he brought home the welcome news of his appointment as clerk in a new firm, to which Dr. Urquhart had introduced him, hummed a tune when he shouldered

Katherine Moore's box, to carry it to Air Throne for the last time, and had a wrestling match with Casabianca on the evening before the latter went back to school. By degrees the old noises crept back into the silent house. The buzz and the hum of active life began again with only one or two notes wanting, notes which, however, to some ears in the house made all the difference between dissonance and music in the tune wherewith Time was playing out those early summer days.

Dr. Urquhart was one of the dissatisfied people, though he had apparently less cause to complain than anybody else, for the sounds he had hungered for during the last three months were in the house again, and met his ears as frequently as ever. He used to put down his pen two or three times in the evening, as had been his wont, to listen for Emmie's footsteps on the stairs, or her voice hushing Sidney and the Gentle Lamb when the school-room door opened below, and the old uproar again threatened to invade the drawing-room. No one could say that Emmie was not as nimble as ever in running up and down on everybody's errands, or that she neglected her post among the younger ones of the family in the evening; and yet when the sounds he had listened for ceased, Dr. Urquhart turned to his work with an impatient sigh, instead of the satisfied smile that used to provoke his mother. There was a semi-tone wanting that spoiled all the music to him—a spring of hope in the footsteps, a happy ring in the voice—and the absence of these made his sense ache. Perhaps only a lover who had taken it into his head to measure his own hopes by such symptoms as these, could have detected their absence, for Mrs. West was well content with her daughter's state of spirits, and believed that Emmie had brought as much sunshine back into the house as could be expected, or was desirable, under the circumstances.

Emmie herself hoped fervently that people would soon leave off taking any particular notice of her, as nothing ever made her feel so much ashamed of herself as those looks of commiseration for a wrong cause. She was quite grateful to her mother for not observing the red rims round her eyes in the mornings, and she comforted herself with the belief that no one in the family, except perhaps Mildie, was at all aware of the fits of restlessness that seized her about post time, and forced her to rush out into the hall and search the contents of the letter-box for a direction in Alma's handwriting, or for that possible reply to her Paris letter, whose chances of coming late, or early, or never at all, she blamed herself for calculating so incessantly.

When Sir Francis Rivers came, as he did for a hasty minute once or twice a week, to ask after Mrs. West and talk over business with Harry, Emmie was nervous about the sound of her own voice when she spoke to him. She quite hated the sharp, forced notes her ear detected in it whenever she brought out an inquiry after the travellers in the Basses Alpes; though, as she told herself, it would have been positively unnatural if she had shown no curiosity, and she had carefully considered every word beforehand, so that it should be no more and no less eager than became the occasion. She tried not to fancy that her uncle hurried over his answers, and put her off with merely vague news; and yet more and more, as time passed on, a conviction grew upon her that for some reason or other, Sir Francis did not like to talk about his wife's and daughter's doings just then, and that a kind of embarrassment came over him whenever the topic was brought up. Was it embarrassment, or was it only caution that laid a weight on his usually careless speech?

Emmie, who watched his face as closely as she dared, could not quite make this out. He smiled sometimes

to himself, and his eyes twinkled, but, to Emmie's ear there was a doubtful, nay, an ashamed sound in the tattoo which he generally beat loud with the fingers of one hand on the knuckles of the other, as he cut short his replies. "Ah, yes, yes, it has been a successful journey. Your aunt writes in much improved spirits. "And Alma?" "Alma does not write. It is your aunt who tells all the news there is to tell this time. I suppose I shall hear from Alma herself by and by." Or later, "Yes, they are quite well. They have gone on to Geneva, I heard this morning."

"So soon," said Emmie, in a breathless voice. "Then they have paid Madame de Florimel a very short visit at Château Arnaud. She invited us—my aunt, I mean, for a month."

"Well, I can't quite make it out. Perhaps your aunt found it lonely up there in the mountains, or perhaps she and Madame de Florimel did not quite hit it off—two old ladies shut up together in an old castle on a rock, what could they do but come to blows. At all events, your aunt took the travelling carriage on to Geneva, and I think, all things considered, she and Alma had better stay there for the present till matters arrange themselves a little."

Emmie left off asking questions after that; but one day, a week later, Mrs. West—who had come down stairs to talk over Dr. Urquhart's offer about the house with Sir Francis and Harry—detained Sir Francis when the business discussion was over to ask after her sister's health, and in talking to her he grew more communicative than he had been before. Emmie felt thankful, more thankful than any one ever knew, that she was standing with her back to the speakers so that no one could see how she looked while that conversation went on; and above all, she congratulated herself on the chance which brought Katherine Moore into the room with a letter she wanted Harry to post just as Sir Francis rose to take leave, for

it was his two or three last sentences that overpowered her most nearly, and obliged her for a single second to put her hand on the chimney-piece to still her trembling.

"Oh, by the way," he began, turning back from the door at which Katherine was entering, "I meant to tell you that I parted with a friend of Emmie's who desired to be remembered to her, or something of that kind, just at your door. I would not let him come in, as I had really only one spare half-hour to settle this business in, or he could have given you full particulars of the mountain journey, for he was with them all the time. Emmie will guess whom I mean—young Anstice. I had not seen him since his return to England till to-day. He hurried off at once to Scotland to Mrs. Anstice, and he has been very busy ever since bringing the poor woman back to Leigh, and arranging about her son's funeral, for the body was washed ashore five or six days after the accident. What accident, do you say? Why, have not you heard? Ah! I beg your pardon, how should you have heard; it would hardly interest you just now, but to us—as an old friend of Frank's—but I had better keep to the point. Young Anstice, whom Emmie knows, has lately come into possession of an earldom and a large property by the death of a cousin. The news reached him while he was travelling with my wife and Alma, and was, of course, a great surprise to them all. The poor young fellow who was drowned was quite a lad. We knew him a little; he was at Constance's wedding; but it is the present Lord Anstice who was always a favourite with our young folks."

Emmie took her hand from the chimney-piece and steadied herself. If people would always for the future call him *that*, she need not be afraid of hearing him spoken of. She could bear to hear that name very well. It seemed to put La Roquette and their six weeks' intimacy very far away

indeed, and even to give back to her remembrance unreproved, the Wynyard Anstice whom no one would henceforth think or speak about in the old familiar way. She could have nothing to do with this new personage, or be tempted even to dream of disputing him with Alma. It was all over now, of course, and that little bit of his life at La Roquette when he was only Madame's relation, and could talk of the mountain farm as a great inheritance, would be wiped out of everybody's thoughts but hers, and might be her possession still.

"Mr. Anstice. I remember him," Mrs. West was now saying, in a tone of gentle indifference. "We saw him several times last winter, and he seemed to take quite a liking to dear Aubrey. I am sure I am very glad he has come into a great fortune."

Sir Francis suddenly remembered that he was in a hurry, and hustled out of the room with a hasty apology for brushing past Katherine Moore who had paused in her talk with Harry West at the first mention of Mr. Anstice's name, and who now stood transfixed in the doorway, too much occupied with some thought of her own to notice his impatience. Emmie need not have been afraid of her own agitation being observed by any one, for it was Katherine's white face and startled expression that attracted Harry's and Mildie's wondering eyes towards her. She made an effort in a minute to recover herself, and boldly spoke out the thought she felt sure must have occurred to their minds as well as to her own.

"Anstice is a family name," she said, consideringly; "two or three families of cousins might well bear it. There is really no reason to suppose that the young nobleman whose death in Scotland Sir Francis has just mentioned has ever been seen by any of us. Christabel's acquaintance and mine must be an altogether different person. I really don't know why I thought about him just then."

"It's easily found out," said Harry.

"As you please," Katherine answered. "One naturally feels more interest in a person one has seen even once or twice than in a total stranger; and that Mr. Anstice was certainly kind in inquiring frequently for me after my accident, and seems also to have shown some attention to Christabel while I was away. As the notion has occurred to us all, I think I should like you to find out the truth about it, and to let me know if you can."

The proud guarded tone was assumed rather to spare herself than in any way to deceive them. From the first hour of her return to Saville Street, in compliance with Mildred's telegram, Katherine guessed that it had been on Christabel's behalf rather than on their own, that the young Wests had wished for her presence in the house, and she felt sure that their uneasiness was founded on observations of facts to which she was a stranger; but miserable as had been the suspense of the last fortnight, Katherine had not yet brought herself to the pass of seeking information about Christabel's doings or feelings from any one but herself. She felt so sure each morning when she got up that the anticipated burst of confidence which would restore their sundered souls to each other must come before another sunset, that she let the time slip by day after day, unable to take a step that would make the hour of reconciliation less perfect when it came. "How," she asked herself, "would she succeed in comforting Christabel when she turned to her in an abandonment of renewed confidence, if she had to confess that she had allowed any stranger to interfere between them during the terrible eclipse of trust and love into which somehow or other they had wandered?"

There was no one in the house on whom the sense of change pressed so crushingly as on Katherine; but till within the last day or two she had been trying to struggle against it, as in a half-sleep one struggles to throw off an oppressive nightmare. Could

it be anything but a frightful nightmare dream that she and Christabel had met again after their first separation, and were no longer the same to each other as they had been; could not get near to each other for some indefinite, but yet impenetrable barrier, that every moment of the day and night kept them asunder? For some time after her return, Katherine fought bravely to keep this conviction out. She met Christabel's wandering looks with cheerful confident smiles. "I am here," she seemed always by every look and gesture to answer to the strange yearning in Christabel's eyes. "I am here; what are you waiting for? Let us begin our happy life together again!" She could not help a little impatience, a little angry disappointment creeping in when, in spite of her presence and her watchful kindness, the wistful look grew and grew, and intensified to agony as the days passed on, till Christabel's whole soul seemed to have gone out in yearning expectation towards something unknown, leaving for Katherine only a dead blank. Katherine's pride as well as her love was wounded at last, but alarmed pride was another safeguard to silence, another barrier against letting any one know what she suffered. If Christabel could not trust her, she would be none the less a faithful guardian to keep the trouble, whatever it might be, from being pried upon by any less sympathising eyes than her own. The letter she had just brought down stairs was addressed to her friend Miss Douglas, at Zurich, and contained a resignation of her post as her secretary, giving as her reason that she found it impossible to persuade her sister to accompany her to Switzerland, and that she could not leave her alone just now when their old place of shelter was being broken up.

It had cost Katherine a sore struggle to write this letter. The half hour given to its composition was perhaps the darkest and bitterest of her whole life—the time when the sense of defeat and failure entered into her very soul

and flooded it with dark waters of doubt and discouragement. And amid all the solid causes for regret arising from this decision, the thought that she was for the first time in her life writing an important letter without having talked out the matter confidentially with her sister, kept recurring, as after all, the chief sorrow, the crowning point of desolation. She was sacrificing all her hopes in life to a whim of her sister's, and Christabel had not even taken the trouble to understand what she was doing—could not be brought to give her mind long enough to see the injury her selfishness would inflict on the person she professed to love above all things. Katherine had made an appeal to her only that morning, and had tried to rouse her by showing her the folly of lingering in London till Miss Douglas had been driven to engage another secretary, or, if her patience held out, till their slender funds were exhausted and it was no longer in their power to choose what they would do.

For a little while Katherine thought that Christabel was for once listening and being affected by her words. A shade of colour and emotion came into her face, which, with the exception of the hungry eyes, seemed lately to have stiffened into the semblance of a stone mask. She lifted her head, and every now and then her lips moved as if she were going to speak—yes, surely to speak out—to pour forth all the pent-up confidence at last. Surely she is touched at the thought of Katherine's anxiety—frightened, perhaps, as it dawns upon her that her obstinacy has risked so much that is of life or death moment to her sister. Gradually the regular noiseless motion of her lips and the turn of her head dispelled these hopes, and Katherine discovered that Christabel was not listening to a word she said. She was counting the gradually approaching sounds of the postman's knocks in his progress down the street. It was in proportion as this sound came nearer and nearer that colour and emotion

grew into her face. The interest she was showing had nothing whatever to do with Katherine's pleadings. When the postman reached the next door but one, while tears of indignation were starting to Katherine's eyes, Christabel put up her hand to feel for something she wore under her dress, and a faint dreamy smile flitted across her face, the shadow of one of her old smiles, never seen now, but when she was listening for the postman. Katherine turned away at the sight to wipe her own burning tears, and did not observe how instantly the smile faded and how the hungry eyes darkened and grew for a moment wild with agony when there was a longer pause than usual and the next knock came on a door lower down in the street. That watching of all the London postal deliveries had now gone on increasing daily in intensity for three weeks, and it bewildered and scandalised Katherine too much to allow her to feel very compassionate towards the constantly-recurring disappointment. She thought she could not have remained dumbly expectant, letting all other interests and aims in life fall away from her for any love, for any personal desire whatsoever. It was such a contradiction to all their past hopes, such a downfall. If, after all, a woman like Christabel could be turned away from the aims in life she had set before herself by an idle fancy, by some poor unreal sentiment, then perhaps the battle she had thrown herself into was not worth fighting, and she need not so very bitterly regret the fate that obliged her to confess herself defeated at the very outset.

It was in this mood she had written to Miss Douglas, and it returned upon her with fresh force when she got back to Air Throne, and, finding it empty, sat down at Christabel's easel to finish the drawing of a wallpaper pattern, which had been left untouched so long that an active Air Throne spider had spun a web from corner to corner of the drawing-board. Very melancholy thoughts possessed

her as her fingers half mechanically deepened the faintly outlined curves and leaves of the pattern, and she was forced to pause every now and then in her work because the gathering mists in her eyes hindered her from seeing clearly. Sometimes it was a bright recollection of Air Throne as it had looked last year that nearly overcame her, and sometimes a dreary vision of the future challenged her to face it and say if it was not to that or something like that they were surely drifting. She saw herself toiling on without the high hopes that had hitherto given her such an untiring appetite for work. She saw Christabel indifferent and preoccupied, falling further and further away from her under some alien, nay, perhaps degrading influence; she saw them both sinking into great straits of poverty till their lives became like the lives of so many solitary working-women, a dire daily struggle for the means of living, and for nothing beyond that—they who had set out so proudly.

Katherine allowed her hands to fall idly into her lap, feeling too spiritless even for the mechanical task she had set herself, till she heard Christabel's steps reascending the attic stairs, and then she again took up her pencil and began to draw. It might perhaps, she thought, rouse Christabel to some sense of shame for her long idleness, if on coming into the room she saw the easel drawn into its old place by the window again, and her sister employed in finishing her neglected work. For a moment Katherine hoped that her little device was successful, for Christabel walked straight up to the easel and, standing behind her, put a hand on her shoulder. Evidently preparing to speak, but anxious not to be looked at while she begins the long-delayed communication; at last it is coming then—at last she will break the long silence. Something has moved her, and she will explain her strange conduct and throw herself on her sister's indulgence at last.

"Katherine, did you hear anything when you came down stairs about—about—Mr. Anstee?" Cristabel's dry lips murmured in a hoarse whisper close to Katherine's ear. "They were talking about him just now, as I passed the down stairs sitting room—Harry and Mildred—for I heard his name, and they cannot know anything about him more than I do. You must go down and find out for me what they are saying. They have no right to have heard anything about him when I have not. It can't concern them, you know."

"Nor us," said Katherine, coldly, "as far as I understand; it has never been our habit to trouble ourselves about common acquaintance who do not seek us. We have other work on our hands, and I should be ashamed of asking such a question of Harry and Mildie."

She was half vexed with herself for answering so coldly; but the question, coming just when she had hoped for something else, had been a great disappointment, and in resuming her work she had suddenly discovered that the pattern traced on the board was composed of an endless interlacing of four letters—C and M and R and A—now disposed so as to outline two hands joined at the finger-tips, and now a double flower, and now two hearts enclosed in a lily-cup. The discovery did not dispose her to listen calmly to questions about Raphael Anstee just then; and when, after a few moments' silence, Christabel stooped down imploringly and touched Katherine's cheek with her hot lips, in the first voluntary caress she had offered since her return, Katherine turned away her face irresponsive. With those intertwined letters before her eyes, revealing, as she felt they did, much in her sister's life of which she had been kept in ignorance, the caress seemed a Judas kiss—a kiss of betrayal. A faint moan, such as a wounded animal struck by a careless hand might have given, fell on Katherine's ear and grieved without melting

her. The suffering seemed so exaggerated, as well as so misapplied, while there were plenty of nearer troubles to grieve over which Christabel was bringing on herself, that she could not pity it as perhaps it deserved to be pitied. She felt like a block of ice, and had an instinct that the delayed confidence had better not come at this moment, for she could be cruel towards a confession of love-folly to-day.

Finding no response, Christabel turned from the easel and began to pace up and down the room. Katherine's rejection of her caress startled her. During the past anxious days, while hour by hour she had been expecting news of her husband, and finding instead a strange baffling silence growing round her, Katherine's presence in the house had given her a certain comfort, and it had not occurred to her as a very important matter that her own conduct should remain unexplained so long. She was only waiting, and at any moment the necessity for silence might end. He would come back to her, or the answer she was expecting to her letters would be put into her hands, and would sanction her sharing the joy it would give her with Katherine. Intense, overwhelming anxiety had blotted out her remorse for her conduct to her sister, and she had been turning in her agony to thoughts of the old love as the one solid bit of ground left for her existence to rest upon. The action that denied her the touch of Katherine's cheek was as the crumbling of the universe round her—a crack of doom. She could not get her thoughts coherently enough even to complain or remonstrate aloud. Katherine would not kiss her; Katherine, like everything else, was vanishing from her into the darkness thickening round her hour by hour. Was it *Air Throne* in which she was walking—was that her easel at which Katherine sat with the drawing upon it, she began to trace, surely not so long ago, when he stood by, applauding her devices?

Whenever Christabel's back was

turned, Katherine looked up wistfully from her work and watched her till she reached the end of the room, but she avoided seeing her face, and looked down on the board whenever Christabel's eyes were on her. It was one of those terrible duels of silence which people who love each other very much fight sometimes to the infinite wounding of their own souls. If they speak, they know they must utter words of reproach that can never afterwards be forgotten—for what reproach is so keen as the reproach of intimate love—or throw themselves with entire abandonment on each other's hearts. Unready for either course, a dumb, awful suffering holds them in suspense, building up a wall between them that each moment seems more insurmountable. If it had not been for those intertwined C-Ms, and R-As before her eyes, Katherine would have given in, but the sight of them as they revealed themselves again and again in every curve of the pattern she was tracing, steeled her heart and warned her away from speech. Contempt for the infatuation that had found pleasure in expressing itself so aimlessly, would have forced itself out if she had allowed words to come.

It grew too dark to draw while the cruel silence lasted, and Katherine, glad to escape what was becoming intolerable, pushed away the easel, and, taking down her bonnet and cloak from the wall, got ready to go out. She had long had it in her mind to visit David MacVie, whom she had not seen since her return, and now a half-formed resolution to take him into her confidence and consult him about her fears, gave a new interest to her project. Christabel stood still and watched Katherine's preparations in a frightened silence. To her highly-wrought mood it seemed that if Katherine went out without speaking to her, it would be a sign that she was irreversibly offended and would never love her again as she used to do. She had no doubt discovered all her deceit and weakness, and found it quite con-

temptible, quite unpardonable, as perhaps he too did when, in absence, he saw it in its true colours. When Katherine's hand was on the door, she started forward, and laid hold of her dress to keep her back.

"Don't go!" she cried. "Oh, Katherine, I want you. It is getting dark; I want you to stay at home."

The voice sounded sharp and fretful, like the voice of a spoilt child, and Katherine felt really annoyed, and for the first time ashamed of her sister.

"I have been waiting for nearly an hour for you to begin to speak to me," she said, coldly, "and now I really must go out, and you had better keep what you have got to say till I come back, when we shall both be in a better mood for it, perhaps. It is absolutely necessary for one of us to work. If you won't rouse yourself and attend to the ordinary affairs of life I must."

Christabel stood for a moment looking intently in Katherine's face, and then throwing the dress she held from her with a gesture which Katherine took for anger, but which was in reality despair, she turned her back upon her, flung herself in the chair by the easel and hid her face. She had read contempt in Katherine's eyes, and she felt all was over for her. If Katherine despised her; if the love that had hitherto been indulgence itself to her, condemned her, then there was indeed nothing more to hope from any one else.

Katherine lingered a while, and then went out. She had been used to say that it was quite impossible for herself and Christabel to quarrel, and this old boast came back with a sharp sting into her mind during her solitary walk. She felt, that to people who loved each other as they two had loved, small beginnings of discord, a rejected kiss, or a delayed confidence, were more deadly injuries to affection than taunts and reproaches where the bond had been less perfect. Could such things, between such lovers as they, having once occurred, be ever so

completely forgotten—as that the former fearless trust could be restored. Remorse soon drove out the short-lived anger, yet Katherine did not hasten back to the house. On the contrary, she lengthened out the small pieces of business she had determined on carrying through, and when she reached David's shop, long after dark, and found him out, she asked permission to wait in the little back sitting-room till his return. It was a new thing to her to linger abroad, because she dreaded what awaited her at home, and a reluctance to go back unprepared for what she might have to hear, grew upon her, as she sat listening to the clocks in the little room Christabel used to describe so gaily a year ago. She felt half afraid that Christabel might take her long absence for a sign of resentment. Yet she could not make up her mind to go away without giving herself the chance of hearing something from David that would enlighten her perplexities.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHRISTABEL.

CHRISTABEL did not uncover her face for long after Katherine left the room. She heard the door close behind her, and listening to her footsteps along the passage and down the creaking attic stairs, each step hurt her as if it had been made upon her heart; and her heart responded to it with a dull throb of yearning after something that was receding from her to a great, great distance. She had said to herself, when she covered her eyes, that she would never meet that look of contempt in Katherine's again—never, it would kill her. Since the dawn of self-consciousness she had been used to think of herself in accordance with Katherine's thought of her, to see herself clothed in Katherine's love and good opinion; and now contempt from her seemed to make life impossible. Before the echo of Katherine's last footstep had died on her ear, she had

settled it with herself that she would not see her sister again till she could come with her husband by her side, to tell the whole truth and plead for forgiveness. He would explain and excuse their conduct to Katherine, for had he not conquered her own scruples? and was it not his business now to defend her? The long suspense and intense concentration of all her thoughts on one subject had weakened Christabel's brain; so that she could no longer think clearly, or understand the real difficulties of her position. All other considerations receded into the background before dismay at the bewildering spell of silence that seemed to have fallen upon her from the moment she returned to Saville Street—a happy bride, as she had believed herself then—parted only for a little while from her husband.

For the first week after her return, the letters sent to the address her husband had given her, were happy trustful letters, full of details of all that was happening in the West family, interspersed here and there with more personal matters, with deeper thoughts, and tenderer fancies, than she perhaps would have found courage to speak if her husband had been by her side. It was very strange and sweet to her to be opening up to him these innermost recesses of her heart and mind, which no one but Katherine had ever looked into before, and which some latent fear of meeting an irresponsive look had closed from him hitherto. Her three weeks' husband had a right to know everything about her now, and these mind-revelations so absorbed Christabel for a day or two, and so fully occupied all the time that was not needed by the Wests in their trouble, that her longing for answers to her letters did not go beyond a very bearable pain. She knew that both her letters and her husband's replies passed through an intermediate hand, and in the hurry of their parting, she had forgotten to inquire how long their transmission would take.

For a little while she had stilled her

disappointment each day by picturing the rich feast that would come by and by. But when once she began to realize the strangeness of the long silence, her anxiety for news became almost maddening. Hour by hour, minute by minute, she felt as if another atom was added to the load of dread suspense, another grain of sand thrown down on the heap of accumulated silent hours, that put the hope of ever hearing further away, and seemed to build a wall of helplessness about her. The task of writing her own daily letter, that had begun by being such a delight, changed gradually to the worst torture of all. She had made every appeal she could think of, urged every plea, implored for a word—an angry word even, rather than silence—and it had been like crying out into thick darkness, and getting back not even an echo of her own passionate entreaties. A sense of humiliation came with the repetition of this urgency. It was the first time in her life that she had begged for a word from any one, and nothing but the maddening of suspense could have brought her to plead so long as she did for notice that was withheld. At last her letters dwindled down to a word or two each day which changed in tone as, at the moment of writing, hope or dread or short-lived resentment had the upper hand in her tempest-tossed soul. And now for three days she had not written at all. A numbness, the result of intense suffering, was stealing over her, and for three days she had been flattering herself that if she kept quite quiet, if she left off questioning even with herself, or accusing her husband of unkindness in her thoughts, the explanation she was hungering for would come as the reward of her patience. They had spoken together about patient Grizell once, when she was drawing some illustrations for a volume of Chaucer's poems, and they had had an argument about the rightfulness of the wife's yielding so much to her husband's will, he having all the while (as she knew) the question of her yielding to his wish

for concealment uppermost in his mind. It had apparently been a playful word struggle, but each knew that thoughts of deepest import to them both underlay their argument, and in the end she had yielded. Perhaps with a too reluctant acquiescence to satisfy him, she thought now, and he was trying her further, preparing her, in the fashion in which Grizell was prepared, for that joyful revelation, at which he had been so fond of hinting mysteriously while they were together.

For three days Christabel had been trying to put her agony to sleep with this fancy, and when Katherine talked about their removal to Zurich, her words sounded quite idle and meaningless. She could not give her mind to such a question when perhaps the postman on his road down the street held in his hand the glad reprieve that would be the end of all care. If her husband had said to himself that he would wait to write till she had left off urging him, surely, he would think the patience of three days enough proof of submission. He never waited three days she remembered when she used to urge upon him not to call too often in Saville Street: and oh, how grateful he had once been to her for acknowledging that she had found the time long when they had missed each other on two successive mornings in her walk to her work.

The shock she received from hearing the name of Anstice spoken in mysterious tones down stairs, and from Katherine's manner of receiving her first attempt at confidence startled her from this dreaming to a sudden realization of the true facts of the case. When once she had admitted the possibility of putting an end to the suspense herself, she could not bear to let the thought go again. If he accused her when they met of taking it upon herself too soon to act against his wishes, she could make him understand what an eternity the three weeks' suspension of all intercourse had been to her. She could go back and recount to him each day's history, and show

the wound which the striking of every hour in it had made in her heart. The project that occurred to her as most likely to relieve her anxiety quickly, was to make a journey to the little northern town to which she had been told to send her letters, and to inquire at the address given her there as to whether such letters had been received and sent on, and whether any answers awaited her. She knew the place, for she had spent a day and night there with her husband, and it was at that time that he had nearly told her his secret. She forced herself now to recall the stages of their homeward journey, and calculated the probable expense of a railway ticket; and then she took out from the drawer of her writing-desk the little purse she had used on her journey. Fortunatus's purse, which her husband had filled for the last time when they parted, and she emptied the coins it contained into her lap to see if there was enough for her purpose. Yes, there was enough—more than enough. She was richer than she thought, for she had put away the purse on the evening of her return without examining it, and had not had the heart to look at it since. As she put the money back again, she calculated that she might even go on to Scotland if her first attempt at getting news failed. Yet it could not quite fail. She must surely on the spot to which her letters had gone, gather some tidings to account for the delay. Merely to question a person who was in direct communication with him, and could be made to answer her with a living voice and thus break the horrible spell of silence, seemed just then to Christabel motive enough for the journey. At the worst, it was escape from Katherine's eyes, from the agony of counting the postman's knocks through another day, while Katherine watched her coldly, and thought contemptuously of her folly.

The prospect of immediate action comforted her so much that she was able to write a coherent note to her sister, telling her where she was going,

and promising further explanation of her conduct in a day or two. And then she put up a few clothes in a hand-bag and got herself ready for the journey. She shut the attic windows while busy about her preparations, to keep out the sound of the late postman's knocks on the neighbouring street doors, for she was determined not to prepare another disappointment for herself now when all suspense would so soon be over; but just as she was leaving her room, the sound to which her ears had become abnormally sensitive, reached her. Her heart gave a great bound as usual, and she was obliged to lean against the door-post for an instant, once more startled into concentrating her entire being into an act of strained attention, into feeling as if her whole body had become a throbbing, listening ear. This time the sounds came in the succession she had imagined so often, that she could hardly believe in their reality now. A loud knock at their door; steps in the hall of some one coming to search the letter-box; a lengthened rustle as if some larger packet than usual were abstracted: and then quick footfalls mounting the stairs higher and higher—past the Land of Beulah—past Emmie's bed-room door—on to the creaking attic staircase. It was Mildie who was coming up, and Christabel, reassured and courageous, now went forward to meet her.

"Here," she said, cheerfully, "Here is the letter you have been expecting so long. See what a thick one to make up for the long delay. I am very glad it has come, for I began to think that a craze for expecting letters that were never coming had got into the house. Here is yours, at all events."

Mildie had the consideration to run away when she had fulfilled her errand, and Christabel walked back to Air-throne with the thick packet in her hand. It was too dark in the passage to read the address on the cover, and she was not in any hurry; only one person in the world would send her a thick letter like this. She was glad

to take a minute or two to rest her mind in the sweet certainty of relief, of actually holding what she had longed for in her hand, before the intense moment came of opening the cover, seeing the familiar hand-writing, and devouring his very words.

The light from the window only showed her the Thorpe Leigh post-mark and an unknown hand on the cover; that she expected, for she had understood the letters were to pass through an intermediate hand, and this budget must contain the accumulation of all he had written during the past long weeks, detained in some one's careless custody. Would that some one's neglect ever be pardoned when her husband knew what it had cost her? that it had even made her now and then for a moment or two doubt his love? Christabel could afford to call it a moment or two, and to smile pityingly at herself as she lighted the lamp, and then settled herself by the table to enjoy her feast.

A number of letters fell out as she tore off the cover. She picked up one, and then another, and threw them down in a terrible sense of bewilderment. They were her own letters: some of them had evidently been read, but the greater part remained in sealed covers. When she had glanced through the first to find some mark or written word that might throw light on the mystery, she tore off the unbroken envelopes and drew forth still other and other sheets, scattering them about and searching wildly for some writing not her own, for a page that did not return her tender or entreating words mockingly to her strained eye-balls. At last she found a sheet written only on one side, in a clear, round hand, which made the words easy to decipher, while their meaning floated over her brain in a thick cloud of utter bewilderment, part of a puzzle to which as yet Christabel had found no clue.

"The lady who has been in the habit of writing to the late Lord Anstice under the name of Ralph Anstice, Esq., is requested not to send

any more letters to the Lodge, Thorpe Leigh. The inclosed, most of which reached Thorpe Leigh after the news of his lordship's lamented death had been received there, came into our hands a few days ago, and the writer is assured that so much only of their contents has been examined as was necessary for their safe return into her possession. If Miss Moore wishes for further information on any point connected with Lord Anstice's decease, or has any communication to make to his solicitors, she is to communicate with the address in London given above. A newspaper containing an account of Lord Anstice's death, and one with a notice of his interment in the mausoleum at Thorpe Leigh, will be forwarded per next post."

Christabel read this letter twice through, and then sprang to her feet again; the thought which had been prominent in her mind before she received this packet, recurred vividly. She would not accept *this* as the end of her anxiety; it was all some wild mistake, a plot to keep her and her letters from him. He could not be dead. He who had left her so full of life and strength three weeks ago. He could not be dead without her knowing it, or if—for the terrible thought knocked loud at the door of conviction, and tried hard to force itself into her mind—if he were dead—what was there left for her to do but to go and die with him? She was wasting her time there. Katherine would come back and stop her. Christabel felt as if her only chance of escape from madness lay in instant action, in giving herself a loophole for hope by saying that there was something to be ascertained yet, that this ghastly explanation which had come, could not be the true one. She would fight against believing it to the last.

She left the letters on the table and the lamp burning. Katherine might read and discover all now if she pleased, and she hurried out of the house, meeting no one on the stairs but Sidney, who remembered afterwards

that he had been startled by her white face and the gesture with which she had put him away when he tried to speak to her. The wind blowing in her face, for it was a fresh night, brought for the moment a wonderful sense of relief and returning vigour. She felt as if, in escaping from the house, she was leaving the misery of the last three weeks with this crowning agony behind her. She was going to find out the truth for herself, and there must be some alleviation in it for her, something more of him, than that blank horror which had been thrust into her face so suddenly to-night. She should see the people who knew all about him face to face, and make them tell her something else. The way she took on her walk to the railway-station was so full of recollections of him, brought back so many pictures of him strong and young and full of child-like gaiety, that every step furnished her with fresh arguments against believing him dead.

He the Lord Anstice who lay buried already in some distant mausoleum! She could almost have laughed aloud at the thought, while she walked past the lamp-post where they had talked of their first meeting, and exchanged their first look of love, she and her young artist lover. She hurried on through the dark railway-arch—so full of recollections of him—but she was obliged to pause for breath at the foot of the steps that led to the railway-station above, and as she stood still for a minute looking down the vista of the long street where they had walked together on Christmas-eve, the tinkling of a tambourine and the sound of a voice singing in the square below, reached her. Yes, there was a child dancing and singing under the trees of the square garden, just as on that evening, only now it was a little Italian boy with active bare feet and elf-locks, who sent the foreign words of a gay little song through the summer English air, giving an aspect of remoteness, so it seemed to Christabel's highly-wrought mood, to the old familiar street.

Would people dance and sing if he were dead? Christabel thought she would tell him all about this evening scene when they met; how she had stood forlornly wondering and comparing it with that other time, and how dreary and visionary it had seemed without him. Perhaps she would make a picture of it, as she had done of that other singing scene, while he stood by looking over her shoulder.

She heard when she entered the station that the night mail to the north would start in a few minutes, and she had only just time to secure a ticket and hurry on to the platform before the whistle sounded. The next minute she found herself shut into a first-class carriage, and luckily, as she thought at first, alone.

The rapid motion of the train bearing her onwards to the attainment of her object brought a sense of satisfaction at first. It sustained her for an hour or so, till London streets were left far behind, and they had emerged out of smoke and noise and squalid suburban buildings, among quiet green fields and hedgerows, and distant prospects of solitary homesteads where the summer twilight lay muffling all things in soft grey repose, a dewy dimness, that minute by minute, as the scenes flew rapidly past, deepened into the darkness of a moonless night. The thickening shadows fell with a terror and chill over Christabel's excitement, calming her down, but as if with a heavy oppressive hand laid upon her, to crush out life and hope. As the night and the solitude deepened, and the silence intensified round her, she felt as if successive veils of illusion were stripped from her mind, leaving her face to face with herself, as she had never stood before in all her life.

The bright fancies that had been her companions from childhood, and which had seemed far more real than herself or any outward objects, looked back at her for a moment with farewell yearning faces, letting her know that she was exiled from their world for ever. They had all merged them-

selves into a golden, glowing atmosphere surrounding one shape, and with the going down of that sun, they too would vanish for ever, leaving her alone, alone in the alien world of bitter hard fact; let down into bare existence to face herself there, amid terrible crushing realities, a shrinking naked self, stricken helplessly through and through with cold and despair. Katherine's love alienated and turned into contempt by conduct she could no longer explain or defend; her husband dead without having acknowledged her; herself—her life given away and lost—for bit by bit the various events and circumstances that she had seen hitherto under false halos of feeling or fancy, arranged themselves with pitiless significance, and she understood clearly what she had done, and what had happened to her. The letter which she had read twice came back with no cloud over its meaning now, no possibility of escaping the terrible certainty it brought.

She found it as impossible now to doubt that her husband was dead, as it had been impossible to believe it an hour before. She began even to think that she had known it all along, and that the utter silence and blankness that had surrounded her during the last three weeks, could not have been felt by her if he had been in the world anywhere, even keeping silence towards her. His heart would have responded to her heart; there would have been a vibration of the cords if he had been anywhere within mortal reach; nothing but his death could have made her so utterly lonely and cold. And he had gone too without leaving a word for her.—“Miss Moore”—the name in the clear hand-writing came before her eyes again as if it had been written in fire. There had been no word about her then on his death-bed, nothing to break the dead blank, the silence which had become already intolerable. She should never know if she had offended him by any word in her letters, never know if by chance there had been a thought of love for her in his mind when he died; never,

unless she could follow into the blank silence into which he had gone, and perhaps find him there, and ask him, standing face to face with him once more.

Christabel feebly wrenched herself away from the growing dangerous fascination of that thought, and tried to turn her mind to something else. What had she done in coming here? Where would she find herself, when the train stopped in the early morning? What was she travelling towards? A grave, a closed grave, a mausoleum guarded in some stately park where she should be denied a right to enter. That was all there was left to her,—a grave she could not establish her right to weep over, no, not with Katherine. She might tell her long story, but who would believe it now, perhaps not even Katherine? Had she not lost herself, and in reaching out towards a new happiness, fallen through into nothingness, nameless, and fameless, cut off from all that held her to life? The dark hours of the night passed while thoughts of this nature surged through Christabel's brain, billows and great waves of trouble going over her head, and she raised no cry for help to any Power above. She let herself drift before the dark bitter waters knowing that they were bearing her on to a purpose, to a dark descent that lay near, and which the longer she allowed herself to contemplate its proximity, grew more fascinating as promising, at least an end, a solution of all difficulties.

The first faint streak of dawn that crept chill and pale into a rainy sky, pierced her with a fresh dart of pain, stinging her into quicker thought and urgency of resolution. It must be done in the dark, if it was done at all. A step out into the dark would be so much easier, and then there would be an hour or two for the crushed body to lie still, wherever it might fall, and grow stiff and cold before stranger eyes came to look at it, or stranger hands to touch it. Christabel had never feared pain or discomfort in her life,

and that part did not trouble her. She had been used to live half out of her body in a world of dreams, unconscious of many things that would have been painful to others; and bodily suffering, the momentary bodily suffering of such a swift death, had no terror for her just then. Katherine would be sorry, but she would go back to Zurich unfettered, to the friend who valued her and sympathised with her aims; and in successful work and gratified ambition forget this summer's sorrow sooner perhaps than if she lived on a dead weight and perpetual reminder of failure. For herself—in another moment she should know where he was, and what he felt about her now. It was the only swift way of getting at a knowledge which seemed to Christabel to sum up all desire—whether he loved her yet, and how it was that he had kept silence to her at the last, and not called her, as surely he might have done, to come after him.

She moved close to the window and let down the glass. There was just light enough now to see that the train was passing between high grassy embankments, from the top of which came a faint scent of new mown hay and dying flowers. A quiet enough resting-place where she might lie perhaps unseen and untouched for hours. She turned the door handle and found it yield to her touch, and then just as she was about to take a step forward—for she intended no haste, only to walk out into the faint morning—she heard or thought she heard a voice calling her—Christabel! Christabel! It was so loud and clear, that she turned round and seeing no one, only the empty carriage, showing its emptiness clearly in the growing light, she sank back into the seat she had left, trembling from head to foot, and started out of her dreadful purpose into another state of consciousness. Christabel! The sound came to her again, but now it was a soft whisper as of some one speaking in her ear tenderly and imploringly. The tones carried her back years and years, till

she felt as if she had got quite away from the lonely self that had so frightened her, and was again a little child called to stand by her mother's side. She felt as if she were leaning against that mother's knee, and listening to some words she had not thought about for long years, but which came back to her now as an oft-repeated saying of her mother's to her,—"Christabel, beautiful for Christ." She could not remember whether her mother had thought her name meant this; or whether she had been in the habit of telling her it was this she meant her to be when she gave her the name Christabel,—"beautiful for Christ." And she had not thought of it in all these years. Was it true? Was there Some One—above and beneath all—who cared for her, and was so with her every moment, underlying all her life, that the utter loneliness, the bare selfhood which had terrified her a little while ago, was only another of her illusions, an unreality which was now being stripped off, to show her at last the true secret of life which she had missed in all her dreams? The dawn kept creeping on, making visible swiftly-changing pictures of rain-gemmed grass blades, and dripping trees, and cattle in distant meadows standing up to greet the day-light, and birds stirring and piping to each other in the wet hedgerows. The morning had come, weeping and sad, but full of life and patient, still, sweetness. The night was passed and with it the dark temptation to which Christabel had so nearly yielded. She had no vivid sense of escape, and as yet no conscious remorse; she lay back in the seat not caring even to shut the door though the rain came in and drenched her dress. The power of thinking and feeling vividly seemed to have gone from her, and for a time she felt nothing but the sense of a loving presence all around her, and a glad conviction that the isolation which had almost driven her mad was all a mistake: a greater unreality than any of her former fancies. They indeed were shadows, but there was

something, some one, beyond the seen, where she, even she, a vain dreamer who had missed her way, could be at home. She need not get out of the body to seek it, for it was here.

Gradually the light as it grew stronger seemed to gather itself into a form, a face that bent over her—her mother's face—Katherine's—*his*—for a little while the likeness changed from one to another, looking at her always with eyes of love; but at last it resolved itself into a grander image, whose face, while it had a likeness to all that she had ever loved or dreamed of as beautiful or desirable, far transcended all her thoughts. All perception of outward things faded, as her inward eyes were intent on this vision, and as she went on looking, a sense of familiarity, of old and new acquaintance, blended in it and grew upon her. Not her mother, not Katherine, not him, not any one of the dream creations she had imaginatively loved for their beauty and nobleness, but a familiar Friend nevertheless, closer than any of them, who had been with her, unheeded all the time, supplying the root of her life.

"Did you not know me, my child?" the lips and eyes that were all love seemed to say to her. "You have thought the thoughts that I inspired. You have spoken my words; you set forth to fight on my side in the battle against evil, and yet you forgot me, and have often gone near to deny me, while I was standing by your side and giving you the strength to speak and think; a love which you took to be your own. Look at me now, and see if I am not better than the images that have hid me from you so far."

And then Christabel, yielding to a guiding impulse, followed herself in vision backwards through the years of her life, and behind all its struggles, prompting all its higher yearnings, she saw this love on which she had turned her back, but which had been drawing her all the time. And as she looked, the loving voice said to her softly from time to time—

"Ah, if you had only known, if you

had looked at me, how I could have helped you; how strong, how wise you might have been. You could have afforded to wait patiently for the human love, if you had known what arms were around you, and that it was on everlasting love that your life was built up."

The daylight grew stronger and stronger, and the roadside stations began to show signs of activity. Faces appeared at the carriage windows when the train stopped, and voices of this world, speaking on common topics, pierced through Christabel's vision, and brought her back to a recollection of where she was, and to the necessity of rousing herself to meet the urgent calls of the day. For a new day had begun for her, as well as for the rest of the world.

A guard came to shut the carriage door on the first stoppage after day-break, and cast an inquiring look on Christabel's white face and rain-drenched garments. And when the train waited for an hour soon afterwards, he appeared again, benevolently bringing her a cup of coffee, and asked to see her ticket.

Thus put upon the defensive, Christabel made a great effort to collect her thoughts; her eye fell on the name of the station at which they were waiting, and it appealed to her memory, and helped to steady her mind and bring her to decide on a plan of action. She recollects that she had stopped at this town on her former journey, and that it was only a few stations from the village to which she had taken her ticket; and when the guard returned for the coffee-cup at the end of an hour, she was able to question him. She ascertained that the early train stopped at the junction three miles from Thorpe Leigh, and that there was usually an omnibus to meet it.

The man seemed relieved to find her willing to talk, and at the name Thorpe Leigh grew communicative.

"Was the lady going to the Great House?" he asked, with a glance at Christabel's dress, that chanced to be a black one.

No doubt she knew all that had happened there lately. It was just a fortnight since there had been a grand funeral train at the junction she was going to get out at. Sent to meet the body of the poor young lord, drowned in Scotland, that had travelled by the up night mail from the north, to be buried in the mausoleum at Leigh. A great show it was, and plenty of mourning coaches to follow the hearse, but most of them were empty. There was no one left in the place—no relation, that was to say, to follow the corpse to the grave. It had been a great deal talked of in those parts.

Did he know the place? Christabel asked, encouraged by the interest in his face. Had he ever seen the gentleman whose dead body had been brought to the junction?

Well, not often; he did not know him to speak to, the man told her, but he was a native of these parts, and a cousin of his had lived in the Great House in the old lord's time, and kept the village inn at Thorpe Leigh now, a pleasant quiet little place, where folks went sometimes for their health in summer. The young lord himself was fond of stopping there, and used to tell his cousin that he felt it more home-like than the big house. Oh yes, he was well liked by those who knew him, and there were plenty of the poorer sort who were very sorry to hear of his death; but there was not any one to be called a mourner at the funeral, not any one belonging to him. It was the agent and the lawyers that had managed it all.

Luckily the guard's spare time came to an end here, before Christabel's self-control completely failed her; but when she was alone again, the picture of the stately lonely funeral did for her what her own personal sorrow had failed to do; it touched the pathetic side of her thoughts, and unsealed the fountain of tears, and she was able, for the first time since her trouble began, to weep freely. She felt weak as a child when the passion of tears

had exhausted itself, but the excitement of brain was relieved, and she could think calmly.

The one place that had any attraction for her now was this little inn at Thorpe Leigh, that he had called home-like, in whose neighbourhood they had spent a long summer's day together, and where he had nearly disclosed his secret to her. There she might hear news of him; if not of his last days, at least anecdotes of the times when he had not been all hers, which would give her a possession in them which she had often longed for. From thence she could at all events remedy the omission that had struck her just now as so pathetic; she could stand a real mourner, and weep at his grave. In taking her ticket from her purse, where she had placed it the evening before, she discovered a store of bank notes, that must have been folded away by her husband in an inside pocket on the day of their parting, and which she now perceived, with some grieved surprise, must have been designed to last her through a much longer separation than she had anticipated at the time. This discovery at all events made the gratification of her present wish easy, and determined her to write and beg Katherine to join her at Thorpe Leigh for a few weeks.

Further than that, Christabel did not feel at all disposed to look just then. Indeed, when she left the train at the junction, and got into the omnibus that was to take her to the village, nothing but the interest of recognising the scene of her last walk with her husband could have kept her up under the suffering that increased upon her as the hours passed. When she arrived at her destination, she was glad to use the plea of health-seeking, which the guard had suggested, to account for her visit to the place; for she felt so ill that her one object was to escape to her room unquestioned, and reserve the little strength that remained, to write a letter to summon Katherine to come to her.

To be continued.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY FOR WOMEN :
A REMONSTRANCE.

WHILE we are waiting and hoping for an alteration of the political laws regarding the position of women, why should we not look a little at the social laws which they themselves choose to assist in upholding, and which they might easily alter without any troublesome discussions in the House ? for the alteration of these would be on the whole quite as great a boon to themselves in their daily lives, as the various other schemes of emancipation at present so much in favour. The first idea to be got rid of is, that there is any real difference in the position of a married and an unmarried woman ; and I may as well observe that by women I mean persons of twenty-one years old and upwards. A woman of that age should be absolutely free ; and her right to take her own course in the world should no more depend on marriage than a man's does. The ideas prevalent in society—that an unmarried woman must not go out alone, must not see her men friends unless some older or married woman is present, and heaps of little absurd regulations of that sort, are not only foolish, but cruel and degrading. Cruel, because they prevent young women from enjoying their lives when they have most energy for enjoyment, and because they make them feel the difference between themselves and their married contemporaries so much, that they are often induced to marry the first man that asks them merely to acquire the individuality that ought to belong as rightfully to womanhood as to manhood ; degrading, because they assume that a young woman has neither sense nor modesty enough to ensure her being treated with respect. Those who have studied the subject affirm that celibacy

is bad for both men and women. If so, what course can be more irrational than that of putting all sorts of every-day vexations into the lives of young women in matters of personal liberty, in spite of the well-known fact that one in every three must remain single ? Instead of encouraging them to occupy and amuse themselves in every way that is not wicked, so that the evils complained of may be as far as possible neutralised, what one sees is a sort of waiting attitude assumed by parents and friends, by whom, at the same time, a girl is taken about as much as possible, so that she is almost driven into thinking she ought to marry any one who asks her, and, if she cannot, is made to feel that she is somehow a failure. Do people consider what it must be to be brought up with a special aim and object, and yet one which cannot be openly and avowedly pursued like a trade or business, and then to fail ? What could be more crushing ? And yet how many women are made to grow up with the knowledge that their one end in life is to get married as soon as possible. Hence, to a certain extent, the business—for one can call it nothing else—that dress becomes with women. Some, of course, really have a natural craving for decking themselves out, and it may give an interest to an empty mind, but with a vast number it is an acquired taste. A girl who does not care about dress has to pretend to do so, if she does not wish to be sent to Coventry by her friends ; and what with the number of restrictions imposed upon girls, it is not astonishing that at last they get really interested in the one thing considered a natural womanly taste, until

it would seem that the chief use of the female form was to show off the work of human hands ; and then people say that this, that, and the other would not do for ladies on account of their dress, as if their ridiculous and uncomfortable way of dressing was as much part of themselves as their limbs !

Women should endeavour to cultivate a greater degree of *esprit de corps*, so that those who do not marry might reap what advantages there are in remaining single. If they insisted on having the freedom that is rightfully theirs, they would find they had a good many advantages over the married, in spite of all assertions to the contrary ; and it is not at all certain that many of the evils set down to celibacy may not be due to the unsatisfactory position which unmarried women are obliged to take in social life, and the remedy for which lies very much in their own hands. In this too the supineness of married women of all ages is much to be condemned, since, if they chose, they could exercise an untold influence for good in the position of the unmarried. That the right of parents over their children ceases when they are grown up, is usually acknowledged in the case of sons, and that the same rule should be recognised in that of daughters would be a great step in advance ; as great really as the alteration of the laws relating to married women ; since women accustomed to entire personal freedom would probably look carefully before they entered into marriage, to see that they were not likely to be losers in any way.

Without actually going so far as to call women slaves, one can see in the working of their minds much that is the result of unjust restrictions on their liberty. No one so harsh as a slave in judging the faults of fellow slaves, and who is it makes the life of a woman who has made a false step a burden to her but those of her own sex, with little or no discrimination between such a case and that of a

really abandoned life ? partly, perhaps, with a view that those whose respect they wish to earn may see how impossible it would be for them ever to have done such a thing. How difficult also it is to arouse them to a sense of their own position ; and as long as an evil does not personally affect them, how little they will take a wide view, or see that a thing when just and right ought to be supported for its own sake ! Justice indeed is the faculty in which women are most deficient ; and the evil effects of this are very apparent in the way they manage children while they are young enough to be under their entire control. I will only refer to the way in which a child is often made to give up a toy without any thought as to actual proprietorship, and also to the manner in which nurses and governesses are allowed to exercise a discretion over toys and books merely from caprice, and without regard to ownership, thereby confusing ideas of justice at the very outset of life.

Boys soon attain their own liberty, and rapidly acquire a knowledge of the wrong done to another in depriving him of it, from the feeling that they would not like it themselves—a feeling at the bottom of all human justice and morality. By having money (which is property) given them absolutely as their own, boys also acquire a feeling regarding the rights of property, which grows up with them, and is very clearly reflected in the laws made by men for men. But with girls these things are confused ; they have little liberty and less experience in property, and the laws, though often undeniably unjust to them, are so in many cases from there being no one able and willing to interfere in their favour, rather than from intentionally unjust legislation on the part of men. Indeed, if women, and especially women of the educated classes, could but unite to say how wrong they thought such laws, there is hardly a man who would attempt to oppose their

alteration. Now undoubtedly, the first move in this direction is that women should be considered free agents at the outset.

Parents are often much to blame in this state of things, because instead of trying so to educate their daughters that they shall be capable of shaping their own lives, they bring them up to consider that the more they are guided by others the better; and if they do not marry they are supposed not to have any rights or opinions until their parents either die or become so old as to allow the reins to fall from their hands. But if women were brought up to feel that they and they only were responsible for their actions as men are, it would be much better for them in every way; and the object of all education should be to fit them to govern themselves, and not, as at present, to be governed by others. In answer to such views as these it is often said that if the individuality and liberty of women were recognised they would acquire tastes which, in the event of their marrying, would result in their children being neglected. How, it is difficult to see; since on the present system a mother can be out morning, noon, and night in society if she likes, and what more could she do? If her interests were more rational they could hardly be more absorbing, and the knowledge that she was looked on, not as a clothes-peg or forbidden fruit, but as a rational, responsible being, would probably be in every way an advantage.

Herbert Spencer remarks, in his *Studies of Sociology*, that "French schoolmasters coming to this country are surprised to find how much better boys behave when less governed," and, without doubt, the same good moral effect would follow the sense of personal responsibility for words and actions among women, a sense which, under the present idiotic system of what are called "Chaperones," is to a great extent superseded. When the country was in an unsettled con-

dition, before the days of policemen, and of outward law and order, it was natural that a young woman should not go out alone, as there was then real danger to be feared; but what do we suppose we are guarding girls from now at dinner-parties at each other's houses? or even at dances? If a girl does not want to dance with a man, she herself has to make her way out of it, not her chaperone, who is possibly, moreover, younger than herself. In America such a thing is never thought of, and no immorality of any sort is found to arise from the want of it. Indeed, this is probably one of the principal reasons why the system is kept up in this country, since to call a thing American is often enough to make people condemn it here. But that is hardly a reason for continuing a silly and vexatious custom, and one known to be such by many of those who obey it. Mothers must live their lives in a truly thoughtless manner, if, by the time their children are grown to womanhood, they are not fully conscious of their own incompetency to judge always rightly, even for themselves; still less absolutely to control the life of a fellow-creature. Young people would often be willing to talk things over and listen to advice if they were aware that no attempt would be made to enforce it, and thus might have the benefit of older persons' experience, if on consideration they found it worth having. But common sense and right-mindedness do not invariably come with age, and some quite young people are more fit to guide themselves than their parents ever could or would be. Suppose a young woman wishes to take up nursing as a profession, or to go into a sisterhood, it is common to hear her friends remark that she has no business to do so; that it is her duty to stop at home with her parents. Now before the world says this, it ought to give some reason to prove that any such duty is more incumbent on daughters than on sons. Whoever

heard any one say that a young man should even refrain from travelling abroad for a few years for such a reason, much less give up entering a profession? Many parents seem to consider the life-long devotion of their daughters, and the continual surrender of cherished wishes and tastes, as a mere matter of course, and, in fact, evidently see hardly any sacrifice in it. This is surely very hard and very unreasonable. That children should show the utmost respect, affection, and consideration for their parents, and that it should be a pleasure to please them, is so obviously right that it need not be touched upon here; and an anxious attention to the fancies and wishes of the old in the minor matters of life is only the natural expression of the affection and good feeling of a child. But that is a very different thing from spoiling a young life by sacrificing it to an old one, while the victim is not even acknowledged to have anything to complain of.

Mothers should remember more than they do that grown-up women, whether married or single, have a right to their own lives; and that if properly brought up their children ought to be wiser and cleverer than themselves, or else that their education has been a failure; and those who are educating their children on any system which has not this object in view are doing so on a wrong principle. The very last object people should have in this matter is to see a second edition of themselves in their children. Their aim should be to give them minds capable of thinking and judging for themselves; which will never be done till the individuality of every woman is recognised in a very different way from what it is at present. As time goes on, the proportion of women who will be able to marry among the upper classes will probably be smaller than it now is, if the present social habits and customs continue. Girls who at the death of their parents

will have some two or three hundred a year, instead of being taught while young how to be content with that sum, remain in their father's house, sharing in the large expenditure of the family, and in the hope and expectation that they should marry an eldest son if possible, or at any rate some man with a much larger income than their own. Now as the number of girls with very little property of their own is naturally much beyond that of men with incomes which they would consider enough to live comfortably on, the girls almost insensibly try to appear to be whatever they think will be most acceptable to the men they meet, instead of displaying their real characters—and this is not a good basis for a life-long companionship.

If, on the contrary, people were actuated by feelings of justice with regard to their daughters, they ought to give them the same allowance when they come of age that they are prepared to do on their marriage; and if they prefer to live with their parents, let the cost of keeping them be deducted. By this means young women would not be in the senseless position with regard to the value and meaning of money and an income that too many are in. If parents cannot afford to give their daughters enough to live upon, they surely ought to feel as much ashamed of bringing them up without an occupation by which they may gain a livelihood, as they would feel at pursuing such a course with their sons. That they should say, "It does not matter, since they are sure to marry," is really what few who have thought about the subject would like to remark; for marriage as a means of livelihood has been called by a very ugly name; and however we may dislike it, it is perfectly true. As long as nearly forty per cent¹ of the upper classes of

¹ The actual percentage of women who cannot marry is said to be 30 per cent, but as among the lower classes every man almost

women are in excess of the men, so long will selection of husbands be out of the question; but if girls were allowed to have an independent position, and were not looked on as the property of their families, then those who did not happen to meet a man whom they cared to marry, would remain single instead of marrying one unsuited to them, merely to acquire a sort of partial liberty. Work of any kind is not degrading; and even work that brings a woman into contact with those below her in the social scale would be a smaller source of unhappiness than an objectless existence for the best half of a life, followed by a descent from a position of affluence such as many are accustomed to in their father's house, to one of poverty, after habits of idleness have been formed rendering work of any sort an impossibility. That fathers and mothers should like to have their daughters round them when they are grown up, making the house pleasant and lively, is natural and obvious. That, however, does not prevent its being the acme of selfishness, and a great wrong to the daughters, unless the parents can afford to leave their children in a position like that to which they have been accustomed—and unless the daughters themselves should prefer to remain at home. People should be much more alive than they are to the fact that their children are their fellow-creatures and equals, and have a right to follow their own course in life, and that the only life a person has a right to plan out is his or her own. In olden times there was, as I have already remarked, a certain *quid pro quo* in parents keeping their daughters at home; for what with wars and the lawless state of the country, they were much safer and better off in the house of their male relatives than they could have been elsewhere, and in return it was fair that marries, it brings it to a much higher rate among the upper, and this article concerns them only.

they should observe the rules which such relatives made for them. Nowadays the same obedience is exacted, but nothing offered in return, since the life and property of every one is safe and respected, and it is therefore a monstrous piece of tyranny that one whole class of the community should be kept under the power of another. And that it does no good is palpable, since it is certain that young women whose parents have died, and who go on living by themselves, are in no way more likely to misconduct themselves than those kept in subjection by the strictest of parents.

Another point well worthy of remark is the manner in which people treat their female servants. It is an understood thing that no maid-servant ever goes out without special permission, the idea evidently being that if they did so they would cease to be respectable. The absurdity of such a course is so apparent that one wonders that it can have been carried on so long, and that people do not consider that by making domestic service disagreeable, they only get a class of servants who are unable to obtain any more congenial occupation. When the servants' work is done, and they are certain of not being wanted for a time, they ought to be able to go out if they please—very young girls perhaps excepted, as some go to service when almost children—since a woman who cannot be trusted to go out for an hour or two is certainly not a fit inmate for any respectable house. Householders have surely no more right than other employers to interfere with the disposal of their workpeople's spare time, and so far from the moral effect being good, it has precisely the opposite result, since it produces a craving for change and excitement, a certain amount of which is inherent in human nature; and by closing the legitimate outlets for this, they are compelled to seek it in other ways not by any means so desirable. The argument that

employers have a right to regulate all their servants do, because they live in their house, does not meet the case, for no one who has men-servants would refuse to give them an hour or two in the day for going out, though they must know perfectly well that the time is invariably spent in smoking and drinking, if not in betting as well.

When will the world begin to see that the talk about protecting women is literally talk and nothing more? One of the favourite arguments against the Women's Suffrage is that they would perhaps be present at very rough and unpleasant scenes. Till it has been tried, who can tell whether, if women were present, much of the roughness and unpleasantness might not disappear? At any rate it would be better to make laws for the preservation of order, or to enforce the law already existing, which enacts that an election is void where the electors are unable to come to the poll from intimidation. If we are so anxious to protect the weak, let us see that assaults on women, and more particularly on children, are punished in a manner more adequate to the injury inflicted, and that a girl be considered a child until she is at least sixteen. Let us see that a woman's property is hers absolutely, whether married or single, and that a mother's right to her children is equal to a father's. Let us take care that all such professions as doctors, lawyers, &c., are open to all, since if they are unfit for women, they will fail in them, and no harm can be done; but do not let us try and exalt ourselves at the expense of others, in the belief that we are protecting them, for that is persecution, not protection.

One would almost suppose that parents and employers were of opinion that women had no sense of morality of their own at all, from the way they try to restrain their liberties. Cannot women at any rate see what they are doing by not joining to put down such restraints? And what is really at the

bottom of them? Far from a just or complimentary estimate of women as a body; and I am not at all sure that the way in which women are expected to be more punctual and careful in their religious duties than men, does not contain a covert insult also. Let them think it over.

The idea that women are the property of their male relations is an invariable rule among savage nations, and though to a certain extent in civilized countries they are recognised by law as free, a sort of survival of the old savage feeling still seems to cling to people's minds on this subject; but it cannot be defended on any proper logical grounds, and if women would but unite to show that they feel it wrong and shameful in every way, it would probably soon die out. It is no use to wait till all this is put before them by men; women themselves are in a great measure to blame for the present state of things; and to get a different view taken of their position lies very much in their own hands, and is probably the first step towards less unjust laws about them. Women are far too much afraid of what others may say or think. They do not like to go to a theatre or concert alone, in case people should think it odd; but if every one did it there would be nothing odd about it. They will hardly go out to walk by themselves in London, in case any one should speak to them, which is not very likely if they are quietly dressed and don't stare at every one they meet; —and here also, if all did it, the danger would be still further lessened.

Women should see that the more boldly the respectable part of society comes forward the more the vicious portion will be driven into a corner! Indeed it is not vice that the majority are afraid of, because they don't care what their men friends do, nor what life a woman really leads as long as her husband says nothing.

Surely it is time that these wearying vexations were given up. They put

those who have their living to make at a great disadvantage, they debar those who are better off from many innocent recreations, and they make the very rich even more frivolous and idle than they would otherwise be. All women should combine to do boldly what suits them ; should not allow themselves to be put to inconvenience without any good reason ; and should see that much in the present system of their lives shows a great want of self-respect. Above all they should not be afraid of shadows, since that which is morally right and good cannot be unfit to be practised.

How can men be expected to aid heartily in removing the political disabilities of women while they themselves, by their mode of treating their daughters and each other, appear to show that they consider them unfit to have the smallest particle of personal liberty ? Let them see the thing in this its true light. Let women begin by showing the world that they at least consider themselves and each other rational beings, and not "perpetual infants," and then they may, with even greater force than at present, demand the just rights given by property and citizenship.

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